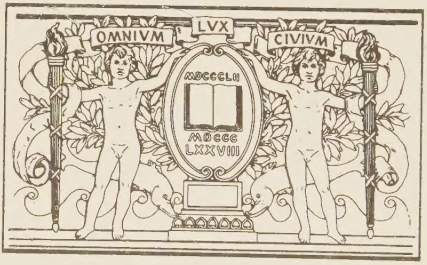

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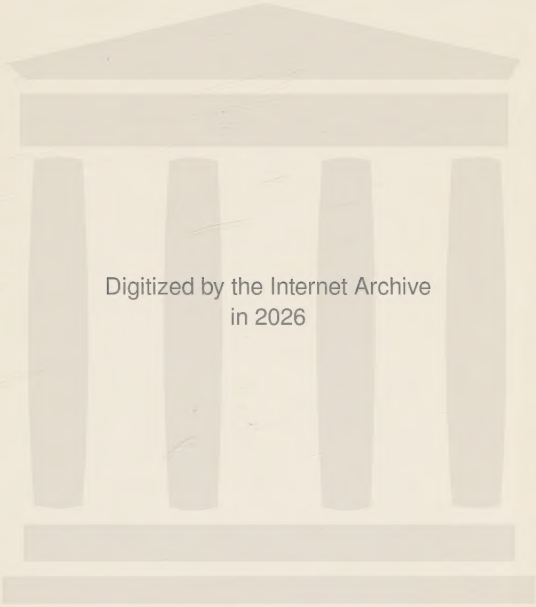

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AN ANTHOLOGY
OF INVECTIVE AND ABUSE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF INVECTIVE AND ABUSE

COMPILED AND EDITED WITH CRITIGAL AND HISTORICAL COMMENTS BY

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"THE RETURN OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,"
"AFTER PURITANISM," ETC.

LONDON
EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE
(PUBLISHERS) LIMITED
1930

First Printed, October 1929
Second Impression, January 1930

Printed in Great Britain by
Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury

THE Editor's thanks are due to the following for permission to reprint: To Messrs. P. J. and A. E. Dobell for the extracts from James Thomson's *The City of Dreadful Night;* to Messrs. Heinemann and to Mr. Thomas Wise for the extracts from A. C. Swinburne and from J. M. Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*; to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne for the extract from R. L. Stevenson; to Messrs. Stanley Paul for the prose extracts from T. W. H. Crosland, and to Mr. Martin Secker for T. W. H. Crosland's "Votes for Women"; to Mr. George Bernard Shaw, to Mr. H. G. Wells, to Mr. Lloyd George, to Mr. A. G. Gardiner, and to Mr. Geoffrey Howard and the Davenant Bookshop, Oxford, for the respective extracts from their writings; to Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., for "AntiChrist"; and to Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Messrs. Duckworth for "Verses to a Lord."

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INTRODUCTION

INVECTIVE has been understood in this Anthology to mean any direct verbal attack. Irony and satire are therefore, as far as possible, excluded, though the line of demarcation is sometimes indistinct. Irony is apt to pass into invective, as a writer or orator loses his detachment; the transition being marked among inferior performers by some such phrase as "But this is not a subject for mere jesting," or "But joking apart," words which are often the first indication to the readers or the audience that anything mirth-provoking has been set before them. As the detachment of irony makes it a finer weapon, intellectually if not morally, than invective, the transition from irony to invective is even in skilful hands nearly always jarring in its effect. Swift himself does not altogether escape the charge of sinking when he makes this transition. "The Voyage to the Houyhnhnms," in which the proportion of invective to irony is far greater than in the earlier portions of "Gulliver's Travels," is on the whole inferior to the Voyages to Laputa and Brobdingnag. Occasionally the transition is entirely successful, as in Johnson's letter to Chesterfield, where the direct attack of the bulk of the letter is so restrained in tone as to harmonise perfectly with the irony of the opening paragraph.

No attempt has been made in this Anthology to discriminate between the passages of invective and those of abuse. Everyone recognises a general distinction between invective and abuse, which might be defined as colloquial invective; but in particular instances opinion must necessarily be divided. What will strike the victim as abuse, usually qualified as

" mere " or " cheap," will seem to its author, and to those who sympathise with him, to be hardly as much as invective, but rather a plain statement of fact. Even in the apparently unequivocal instance of Mrs. Raddle's outcry against Mr. Pickwick, Mrs. Raddle herself would have denied that she had passed the limits of temperate expostulation. In real life, as opposed to fiction, Swinburne held that in calling Emerson " a gap-toothed and hoary-headed ape," he had confined himself to " language of the strictest reserve." Ruskin's attack on Whistler and Mr. Lloyd George's on the landlords illustrate, in their mixed reception, the same difficulty in establishing an infallible test of what constitutes abuse.

The specimens of invective in this volume are arranged, with a few slight exceptions, in chronological order. More formal methods of classification seemed, in the two alternatives considered, less satisfactory. The first alternative was to classify invective by epochs. But this is to give too much importance to the age and too little to the individual. The themes of invective vary only superficially from century to century. In the extracts quoted from Shakespeare we find most of the topics on which men express themselves with acrimony, with the marked exception of religion. In " Ajax " Shakespeare paints a fellow-worker in the same field as himself, anticipating and excelling similar word-pictures from Blake, Carlyle, and Thackeray. In Prince Hal's attack on Falstaff, he prefigures Dickens's mastery of everyday abuse. In Mark Antony's exchange with Cassius and Brutus, and in Coriolanus's farewell to the plebs, he gives models of political invective, based on genuine emotion. In

Lear's parting from his daughters he expresses the rage of weakness against the callous indifference of power. In Timon this rage takes all society for its object. In Antony upbraiding Cleopatra, in Posthumus when Iachimo has convinced him of Imogen's infidelity, and in his own sonnet to the Dark Lady, he gives the disgust of men when they realise that infidelity is not an exclusively masculine prerogative. Finally, in the sonnet, " Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry," he rises to that general indictment of life, the substance of which is much the same in all ages, from Solomon to Schopenhauer.

Another objection to classifying invective in epochs is the impossibility of marking off one epoch from another with precision. Undoubtedly the biggest and cleanest break in modern English history is at the Restoration. Yet even here it is difficult to decide whether Evelyn and Samuel Butler are predominantly post- or pre-Restoration in their outlook. The decade after the French Revolution is usually taken as marking the end of the period inaugurated by the Restoration, but a classification which included Blake and Burns under the same heading as Pope and Gibbon, while pairing off Macaulay with Shelley, would be misleading.

An arrangement in chronological sequence avoids these arbitrary divisions, while at the same time illustrating how invective, like every other form of expression, is coloured and modified by contemporary currents of emotion, and the intellectual fashion of the moment.

Prynne's attack on the morals and manners of his age, for example, is a theme which recurs throughout the literature of all civilised nations. But his reliance

on the Bible as the final court of appeal in all matters, great or trivial, is peculiarly Puritan. Biblical references are already far fewer in Jeremy Collier's criticism of the Restoration stage; and in Smollett, in the third quarter of the eighteenth century, the mundane reaction against Puritanism has entirely obliterated the Bible as an authority on conduct. It is the manners of his pleasure-loving contemporaries, rather than their morals, which disgust Smollett, speaking through his mouthpiece, Matthew Bramble; and when he glances at their morals it is from an exclusively secular standpoint.

It is this coherent and limited outlook in the period between the Restoration and the French Revolution which has recommended its invective so strongly to the general taste. The victims of Dryden, Pope, Churchill, and Johnson understood what was being said about them, and agreed at least with the intellectual assumptions behind the invective.

A hundred years after Johnson, in the middle of Victoria's reign, the intervening political, literary, and religious upheavals had shattered this common outlook. The first half of Victoria's reign was a chaos of confused opinions. The secular outlook of the eighteenth century clashed with the emotionalism of the imaginative renaissance; while Puritanism, which worked within the limits of the Evangelical revival in the previous century, had burst its banks, and poured over the whole country. The mid-Victorian carried within his congested breast a puritan, a poet, and a pagan, and the invective produced by this triple collaboration was a curious compound. In Dickens, for example, the satire on political journalism in " Pickwick " would have been quite com-

prehensible to Smollett. But what would Smollett have made of the angel-devil antithesis in the Ralph Nickleby-Madeline Bray scene, product of the imaginative renaissance working on the Puritan sense of guilt? What would even Prynne, Puritan though he was, have made of Farrar's denunciation, through the mouth of Julian Home, of an undergraduate who had taken to drink and women? Prynne would have understood the denunciation of the youth, but the innocence and helplessness of the youth's partner in guilt would have been a conception entirely strange to his philosophy. Equally baffling to him would have been the horror of Buchanan, lover of Rabelais, Don Juan, and Paul de Kock, at the depravity of London life. This confusion had subsided by the close of the century. An attitude common to all cultured persons was no longer possible, but a number of different attitudes had crystallised themselves. In Mr. Bernard Shaw, in Mr. Belloc, and Mr. Chesterton, we again find coherency, and a defined philosophy.

In personal, as differentiated from moral, invective, the chronological sequence is less instructive. Here individual character is far the most important factor; but one may speculate with some profit on the difference in tone had Thackeray written the letter to Edmund Yates in the eighteenth century, or Johnson the letter to Macpherson in the nineteenth. Even in love, the age conditions the manner of expression as a comparison between Otway's reproaches and Keats's shows.

In political, as in personal, invective, the situation is more important than the age, when there is a situation, and not merely an opportunity for a rhe-

torical display. Skelton's attack on Wolsey, Saxby's and Cowley's on Cromwell, and Burke's on Warren Hastings, all have the universal note of revolt against tyranny. But most political invective derives not from personal emotion but from tactical necessities, and therefore reaches its highest technical development in the relatively unemotional eighteenth century. Here again the chronological arrangement seemed the most satisfactory.

In the indictment of life itself, which has been illustrated in this anthology from Shakespeare, Samuel Butler, Jeremy Taylor, Dryden, James Thomson, and Mark Twain, something of the difference in tone between the various passages must be assigned to the epoch in which they were written. Dryden's view of the deceptiveness of life, for example, is, because of the anti-Puritan reaction, more purely intellectual than Shakespeare's; and the despair of James Thomson is coloured by the contrast between the material prosperity of the mid-Victorians and the collapse of the old certainties before the discoveries of science and the transformation of ordinary life by machinery, a transformation which at that date seemed far more profound than it now seems.

The second method of classification which suggested itself was into imaginative and historical invective. It is, however, not as simple as might be thought to discriminate between invective stirred by actual events and persons, and invective created by the imagination. Shakespeare's portrait of Ajax seems as directly connected with life as Dryden's of Achitophel, and far more directly connected than Sheridan's of Warren Hastings. The mass of first-

hand experience and knowledge which supplied the material for Sergeant Buzfuz must have been much in excess of that which inspired Swinburne's pen-picture of the autocoprophagous sage of Concord. It seemed better, therefore, not to entangle oneself in the dangerous distinction between life and literature.

Two omissions in this anthology need explanation. The invective poured out during the Great War is too near to us, and too vast in bulk, to be selected from with advantage. In a few years it might supply material for a very interesting volume, but that moment has not yet arrived.

The other omission is of any passage from the pen of a woman. As far as the editor has been able to ascertain, women do not require the outlet of literature for such invective as they may from time to time be moved to deliver.

JOHN SKELTON

(*c.* 1460–1529)

Bishop Hall, the Elizabethan satirist, spoke of Skelton's "breathless rhymes," a phrase which expresses both the faults and the energy of Skelton's attack on Cardinal Wolsey. According to popular tradition, the Cardinal was much incensed by Skelton's invective, and sent the poet to prison more than once.

Skelton's picture of the Cardinal as the typical upstart who has risen to supreme power, while it omits the Cardinal's good qualities, is confirmed, within its limits, by Cardinal Wolsey's latest biographer, Dr. A. F. Pollard. "Like some other great men," Dr. Pollard writes, "of whom Napoleon was the greatest, he came to a sudden end because he did not know when or even how to stop. His spirit ruled him, not he his spirit; and his spirit was highly explosive. . . . He betrayed the characteristics of an age of self-made men, marked by what modern psychology calls an 'inferiority complex.'"

"WHY COME YE NOT TO COURTE?"

(*A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey*)

SET up a wretch on hye
In a trone triumphantlye,
And he wyll play check mate
With ryall maieste,
Counte him selfe as good as he;
A prelate potencyall,
To rule under Bellyall,
As ferce and as cruell
As the fynd of hell.
His seruauntes menyall
He doth reuyle, and brall,

Lyke Mahounde in a play;
No man dare him withsay:
He hath dispyght and scorne
At them that be well borne;
He rebukes them and rayles,
Ye horsons, ye vassayles,
Ye knauves, ye churles sonnys,
Ye rebads,[1] not worth two plummis,
Ye raynbetyn beggars reiagged,[2]
Ye recrayed[3] ruffyns all ragged!
With, stowpe,[4] thou hauell,[5]
Rynne, thou iavell![6]
Thou peuysshe[7] pye[8] pecked,
Thou losell[9] longe necked!
Thus dayly they be decked,[10]
Taunted and checked,
That they are so wo;
They wot not whether to go,
No man dare come to the speche
Of this gentell Iacke breche,
Of what estate he be,
Of spirituall dygnyte,
Nor duke of hye degre,
Nor marques, erle, nor lorde;
Which shrewdly doth accorde,
Thus he borne so base
All noble men shulde out face,
His countynaunce like a kayser.
My lorde is not at layser;
Syr, ye must tary a stounde,[11]
Tyll better layser be founde;

[1] Rascals. [2] Tattered. [3] Recreant. [4] Stoop.
[5] Scoundrel. [6] Rascal. [7] Silly. [8] Magpie.
[9] Worthless fellow. [10] Sprinkled. [11] Time.

And, syr, ye must daunce attendaunce,
And take pacient sufferaunce,
For my lordes grace,
Hath nowe no tyme nor space
To speke with you as yet.
And thus they shall syt,
Chuse them syt or flyt,
Stande, walke, or ryde,
And his layser abyde
Parchaunce halfe a yere,
And yet neuer the nere.

JOHN SKELTON (1460–1529)

JOHN KNOX

(1505–1575)

John Knox's "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women" was blown against the women rulers who were hostile to the Reformation, Catharine de' Medici, Mary of Guise, and above all Mary Tudor, "Bloody" Mary. The "Blast," which was written at Dieppe and secretly printed at Geneva, was published in 1558, a few months before Mary Tudor's death. Unfortunately, in the excitements of composition, John Knox passed from the particular to the general, and, like Falstaff, "did in some sort, indeed, handle women." In spite of the confidence with which, in the passage quoted below, he prophesies the speedy death of Mary Tudor, it did not apparently occur to him that it would be wise to temper his generalisations about "the hole race and doughters of Heva" with a view to conciliating Mary Tudor's successor, Elizabeth. Elizabeth treated

the "Blast" as a personal insult; and Calvin, who regarded Elizabeth as potentially the most powerful ally of the Reformation among the sovereigns of Europe, was much annoyed with Knox, and wrote from Geneva to Sir William Cecil: "I had no suspicion of the book, and for a whole year was ignorant of its publication." This explanation did not appease Elizabeth. So deep, indeed, was her resentment that she denied herself the pleasure of reading Calvin's Commentaries on Isaiah, a presentation copy of which she returned to its author. Another eminent theologian of Geneva, Theodore de Beza, tempted her, a little later, with his Annotations on the New Testament, but this bait she also evaded.

FROM "THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET AGAINST THE MONSTROUS REGIMENT OF WOMEN"

TO promote a Woman to beare rule, superioritie, dominion, or empire above any Realme, nation, or Citie, is repugnant to Nature; contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to his reveled will and approved ordinance; and finallie, it is the subversion of good Order, of all equitie and justice. . . . For who can denie but it is repugneth to nature, that the blind shall be appointed to leade and conduct such as do see? That the weake, the sicke, and impotent persons shall norishe and kepe the hole and strong? And finallie, that the foolishe, madde, and phrenetike shal governe the discrete, and give counsel to such as be sober of mind? And such be al women, compared unto man in bearing of authoritie. For their sight in civile regiment is but blindnes; their strength, weaknes; their counsel, foolishnes; and judgment, phrensie, if it be rightlie considered.

. . . Nature, I say, doth paynt them further to be weake, fraile, impacient, feble, and foolishe; and experience hath declared them to be unconstant, variable, cruell, and lacking the spirit of counsel and regiment.

. . . Tertullian in his boke of Women's Apparell, after that he hath shewed many causes why gorgious apparell is abominable and odiouse in a woman, addeth these words, speaking as it were to every woman by name: " Dost thou not knowe (saith he) that thou art Heva? The sentence of God liveth and is effectuall against this kind; and in this worlde, of necessity it is, that the punishement also live. Thou art the porte and gate of the Devil. Thou art the first transgressor of goddes law. Thou diddest persuade and easely deceive him whome the Devil durst not assault. For thy merit (that is for thy death) it behoved the Sonne of God to suffer the death, and doth it yet abide in thy mind to decke thee above thy skin coates? "

By these and many other grave sentences and quicke interrogations, did this godlie writer labour to bring everie woman in contemplation of herselfe, to the end that everie one depelie weying what sentence God had pronounced against the hole race and doughters of Heva, might not onely learne daily to humble and subject them selves in the presence of God, but also that they shulde avoide and abhorre what soever thing might exalte them or puffe them up in pride, or that might be occasion that they shuld forget the curse and malediction of God. And what, I pray you, is more able to cause woman to forget her oune condition, then if she be lifted up in authoritie above man? It is a thing verie difficile to

a man (be he never so constant) promoted to honors, not to be tickled somewhat with pride; (for the winde of vaine glorie doth easilie carie up the drie dust of the earth). But as for woman, it is no more possible that she being set aloft in authoritie above man shall resist the motions of pride, then it is able to the weake reed, or to the turning wethercocke, not to bowe or turne at the vehemencie of the unconstant wind. And therefore the same writer expreslie forbiddeth all women to intermedle with the office of man.

CONCLUDING PERORATION; ADDRESSED TO MARY TUDOR

CURSED Jesabel of England, with the pestilent and detestable generation of Papistes, make no little bragge and boast, that they have triumphed not only against Wyet, but also against all such as have entreprised any thing against them or their procedinges. But let her and them consider, that yet they have not prevailed against God: his throne is more high than that the length of their hornes be able to reache. And let them further consider, that in the beginning of this their bloodie reigne, the harvest of their iniquitie was not comen to full maturitie and ripenes: No! it was grene, so secret I mean, so covered, and so hid with hypocrisie, that some men (even the servantes of God) thought it not impossible but that wolves might be changed into lambes, and also that the vipere might remove her natural venom. But God, who doth revele in his time apointed the secretes of hartes, and that will have his judgements justified even by the verie wicked, hath now given open testimonie of her and their beastlie crueltie . . . so that

now, not onlie the blood of Father Latimer, of the milde man of God the Bishop of Cantorburie (Cranmer), of learned and discrete Ridley, of innocent Lady Jane Dudley, and many godly and worthie preachers that cannot be forgotten, such as fier hath consumed, and the sworde of tyrannie most unjustlie hath shed, doth call for vengeance in the eares of the Lord God of hostes; but also the sobbes and teares of the poore oppressed, the groninges of the Angeles, the watchmen of the Lord, yea, and everie earthlie creature abused by their tyrannie, do continuallie crie and call for the hastie execution of the same I feare not to say, that the day of vengeance, whiche shall apprehend that horrible monstre Jesabel of England, and such as maintain her monstruous crueltie, is alredie apointed in the counsel of the Eternall: and I verilie beleve, that it is so nigh, that she shall not reigne so long in tyrannie as hitherto she hath done, when God shall declare him selfe to be her enemie, when he shall poure forth contempt upon her according to her crueltie, and shal kindle the hartes of such as somtimes did favor her with deadly hatred against her, that they may execute his judgements. And therefore let such as assist her, take hede what they do; for assuredlie her empire and reigne is a wall without foundation: I meane the same of the Authoritie of all Women. It hath been underpropped this blind time that is past, with the foolishness of people, and with the wicked lawes of ignorant and tyrannous Princes. But the fier of Goddes Worde is alredie laid to those rotten proppes, (I include the Pope's lawe with the rest,) and presentlie they burn, albeit we espie not the flame. When they are consumed, (as shortlie they will be, for stubble and drie

timbre can not long indure the fier,) that rotten wall, the usurped and unjust empire of women, shall fall by itself in despit of all man, to the destruction of so manie as shall labor to uphold it. And therefore let all man be advertised, for THE TRUMPET HATH ONES BLOWEN.

FRANCIS BACON

(1561–1626)

The following extract, which is given rather for its historic interest than for its intrinsic merits, is from the official statement of the treason of Essex, drawn up by Bacon but revised and emended into its present form by a number of other hands.

FROM "A DECLARATION OF THE TREASONS OF THE LATE EARLE OF ESSEX, AND HIS COMPLICES, 1601"

. . . BUT he on the other side, making these her Maiesties favours nothing els but wings for his ambition, and looking upon them, not as her benefits, but as his advantages, supposing that to be his owne mettall which was but her marke and impression, was so given over by God (who often punisheth ingratitude by ambition, and ambition by treason, and treason by finall ruine) as he had long agoe plotted it in his heart to become a dangerous supplanter of that seat, whereof he ought to have been a principall supportor: In such sort as nowe everie man of common sense may discerne not onely his last actuall and open treasons, but also his former more secret practises and preparations towards those his treasons, and that without any glosse or interpreter, but himselfe and his owne doings.

For first of all, the world can nowe expound, why it was that hee did aspire, and had almost atteined unto a greatnesse, like unto the auncient greatnesse of the Praefectus Praetorio under the Emperours of Rome, to have all men of warre to make their sole and particular dependance upon him: That with such jealousie and watchfulnesse hee sought to discountenance any one that might be a competitor to him in any part of that greatnesse: That with great violence and bitternesse he sought to suppresse and keep downe all the worthiest Marshall men, which did not appropriate their respects and acknowledgements onely towardes himselfe. All which did manifestly detect and distinguish, That it was not the reputation of a famous Leader in the warres which hee sought (as it was construed a great while) but onely power and greatnesse to serve his owne ends, considering he never loved vertue nor valor in another, but when he thought he should bee Proprietarie and Commander of it, as referred to himselfe.

So likewise those points of popularitie which every man tooke notice and note of, as his affable gestures, open doores, making his table and his bed so popularly places of audience to suters, denying nothing when he did nothing, feeding many men in their discontentments against the Queene and the State, and the like, as they were ever since Absalom's time, the forerunners of treasons following, so in him were they either the qualities of a nature disposed to disloyaltie, or the beginnings and conceptions of that which afterwards grewe to shape and forme.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
(1564–1616)

PRINCE HAL ON FALSTAFF

THERE is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning but in craft? Wherein crafty but in villainy? Wherein villainous but in all things? Wherein worthy but in nothing?

(*Henry IV*, Part I. Act II. Sc. iv.)

AJAX

THIS man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of everything, but everything so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

(*Troilus and Cressida*, Act I. Sc. ii.)

Note.—The elaboration of this portrait has suggested that Shakespeare had a living model in mind; and as Ben Jonson and

Shakespeare were on opposite sides in the dispute known as The War of the Theatres, it is possible that Ajax is intended for Jonson.

BEFORE PHILIPPI

Cassius: . . . Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Antony: Not stingless too.
Brutus: O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Antony: Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers! "

(*Julius Cæsar,* Act v. Sc. i.)

ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA

Antony: You were half blasted ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleopatra: Good my lord—
Antony: You have been a boggler ever:
But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
O misery on't!—the wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleopatra: O! is't come to this?
Antony: I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius' Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; for, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleopatra: Wherefore is this?
Antony: To let a fellow that will take rewards
And say "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal
And plighter of high hearts. O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd; for I have savage cause . . ."

(*Antony and Cleopatra,* Act III. Sc. xiii.)

SONNET CXXXVII

THOU blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

POSTHUMUS ON WOMEN

COULD I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part; be it lying, note it
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that man may name, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them. Yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.
(*Cymbeline*, Act II. Sc. v.)

KING LEAR TO GONERIL AND REGAN

YOU see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall— I will do such things,—
What they are yet I know not,—but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O fool! I shall go mad.
(*King Lear*, Act II. Sc. iv.)

TIMON LOOKS BACK AT ATHENS

LET me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes! Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives

And cut your trusters' throats! Bound servants, steal!—
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live! Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! Thou cold sciatica
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! Lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! Breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou detestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.

(*Timon of Athens,* Act IV. Sc. i.)

CORIOLANUS'S FAREWELL TO HIS FELLOW-CITIZENS

YOU common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcases of unburied men

That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till at length
Your ignorance—which finds not, till it feels,—
Making not reservation of yourselves,—
Still your own foes,—deliver you as most
Abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.

(*Coriolanus,* Act III. Sc. iii.)

SONNET LXVI

TIR'D with all these, for restful death I cry,
As to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly—doctor-like—controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

BEN JONSON
(1573–1637)

Jonson's "Ode to Himself" was written in 1629, after the failure of his comedy "The New Inn," which, in his own words, was "never acted, but most negligently played by some, the King's servants, and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others, the King's subjects."

Contributory sources to the bitterness in this invective were Jonson's increasing ill-health, and his decline in royal favour since the accession of Charles I. This latter grievance he referred to in the course of the Ode, and the king acknowledged the rebuke with a present of one hundred pounds.

FROM "ODE TO HIMSELF"

COME, leave the loathèd stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit!
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure, and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!
To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
Whose appetites are dead!
No, give them grains their fill,

Husks, draff to drink or swill:
If they love lies, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like Pericles,[1] and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish—
Scraps out of every dish
Thrown forth, and raked into the common tub,
May keep up the Play-club:
There, sweepings do as well
As the best-order'd meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit. . . .

Leave things so prostitute,
And take the Alcaic lute;
Or thine own Horace or Anacreon's lyre;
Warm thee by Pindar's fire:
And though thy nerves be shrunk, and blood be cold,
Ere years have made thee old,
Strike that disdainful heat
Throughout, to their defeat,
As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

WILLIAM PRYNNE
(1600–1669)

William Prynee's "Histrio-Mastix," an attack on the stage, was published in 1632, a little more than seventy years after Calvin and de Beza were trying to erase from Elizabeth's mind the prejudice against

[1] The play attributed to Shakespeare, though much of it, and beyond doubt the first two acts, are by another hand.

Puritanism which Knox had so unhappily stimulated by his "Blast." In the interval Puritanism had enormously strengthened its hold on the nation, but even so Prynne was a little premature. Within a month or two of the appearance of "Histrio-Mastix," the queen and her ladies took part in a theatrical performance. His pamphlet was held to reflect on the queen, and there were other references which seemed applicable to the king. So Prynne was imprisoned in the Tower, by order of the Star-Chamber, fined £5,000, and deprived of both his ears in the pillory.

This experience in no way quenched his productivity. In the course of a long life he wrote over two hundred books and pamphlets, the objects of his invective ranging from Archbishop Laud to the regicides. He is the typical Puritan controversialist, full of energy, and courage, but with no depth or subtlety of understanding.

THE TITLE-PAGE OF

HISTRIO-MASTIX

THE PLAYER'S SCOURGE

OR

ACTORS TRAGAEDIE

divided into Two Parts

WHEREIN it is largely evidenced, by divers arguments, by the concurring Authorities and Resolutions of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole Primitive Church, both under the Law and Gospell; of 55 Synodes and Councels; of 71 Fathers and Christian Writers, before the yeare of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foraigne and domestique Protestants and

Popish Authors, since; of 40 Heathen Philosophers, Historians, Poets; of many Heathen, many Christian Nations, Republiques, Emperors, Princes, Magistrates; of sundry Apostolicall, Canonicall, Imperial Constitutions; and of our own English Statutes, Magistrates, Universities, Writers, Preachers.

That popular Stage-playes (the very Pompes of the Divell which we renounce in Baptisme, if we believe the Fathers) are sinfull, heathenish, lewde, ungodly Spectacles, and most pernicious Corruptions; condemned in all ages, as intolerable Mischiefes to Churches, to Republickes, to the manners, mindes, and soules of men. And that the Profession of Play-poets, of Stage-players; together with the penning, acting, and frequenting of Stage-playes, are unlawfull, infamous and misbeseeming Christians. All pretences to the contrary are here likewise fully answered; and the unlawfulnes of acting of beholding Academicall Interludes, briefly discussed; besides sundry other particulars concerning Dancing, Dicing, Health-drinking, etc.: of which the Table will inform you.

(By WILLIAM PRYNNE, an Utter-Barrester of Lincolnes Inne.)

THE PLEASURE-LOVING MODERN WOMAN

PITTY it is to see how many ingenious Youthes and Girles; how many young (that I say not old) Gentlemen and Gentlewomen of birth and quality (as if they were borne for no other purpose but to consume their youth, their lives in lascivious dalliances, Playes and pastimes, or in pampering, in adorning those idolized living carcases of theirs, which will turne to

earth, to dung, to rottennesse and wormes-meat ere be long, and to condemne theire poore neglected soules) casting by all honest studies, callings, imployments, all care of Heaven, of salvation, of their own immortall soules, of that God who made them, that Saviour who redeemed them, that Spirit who should sanctifie them, and that Common-weale that fosters them; doe in this idle age of ours, like those Epicures of old most prodigally, most sinfully riot away the very creame and flower of their yeares and theire dayes in Playhouses, in Dancing-Schooles, Tavernes, Ale-houses, Dice-houses, Tobacco-shops, Bowling-allies, and such infamous places, upon those life-devouring, time-exhausting Playes and pastimes (that I say not sinnes beside), as is a shame for Pagans, much more for Christians to approve. . . . You therefore deare Christian Brethren, who are, who have beene peccant in this kinde, for Gods sake, for Christs sake, for the holy Ghosts sake, for Religions sake (which now extremely suffers by this your folly), for the Church and Commonweales sake, for your own soules sake, which you so much neglect, repent of what is past recalling, and for the future time resolve through Gods assistance, never to cast away your time, your money, your estates, your good names, your lives, your salvation, upon these unprofitable spectacles of vanity, lewdnesse, lasciviousnesse, or these delights of sinne, of which you must necessarily repent and be ashamed, or else be condemned for them at the last. . . . And because we have now many wanton females of all sorts resorting daily by troopes unto our Playes, our Play-houses, to see and to be seene, as they did in Ovids age; I shall only desire them (if not their Parents and Husbands) to consider, that it hath

evermore been the notorious badge of prostituted strumpets and the lewdest Harlots, to ramble abroad to Playes, to Play-houses; whither no honest chast or sober Girles or Women, but only branded Whores and infamous Adulteresses did usually resort in ancient times: the Theater being then made a common Brothell: and that all ages, all places have constantly suspected the chastity, yea branded the honesty of those females who have been so immodest as to resort to Theaters, to Stage-playes, which either finde or make them Harlots; inhibiting all married wives and virgins to resort to Playes and Theaters, as I have here amply proved. . . . Whereas the dissolutenesse of our lascivious, impudent, rattle-pated gadding females now is such as if they had purposely studied to appropriate to themselves King Solomons memorable character of an " whorish woman, with an impudent face, a subtile heart and the attire of an Harlot; they are lowde and stubborne; their feet abide not in their houses; now they are without, now in the streets, and lie in wait at every corner "; being never well pleased nor contented, but when they are wandering abroad to Playes, to Play-houses, Dancing-matches, Masques, and publike Shewes; from which nature it selfe (if we believe S. Chrysostome) hath sequestered all women.

Let me now beseech all female Play-haunters, as they regard this Apostolicall precept, which enjoynes them, to be sober, chast, keepers at home, adorning themselves in modest apparell, with shamefastnesse and sobriety (which now are out of fashion), not with broidered cut or borrowed plaited haire, or gold, or pearles, or costly array (the onely fashions of our age) but (which becommeth women professing god-

linesse) with good workes: As they tender their owne honesty, fame or reputation both with God and men; the honour of their sex; the prayse of that Christian Religion, which they professe, the glory of their God, their Saviour, and their soules salvation, to abandon Playes and Play-houses, as most pernicious Pestes; where all females wrecke their credits; most, their chastity; some, their fortunes; not a few, their soules: and to say unto them as the Philosopher did unto his wealth which he cast into the Sea, " Abite in profundum malae cupiditates; ego vos mergam ne ipse mergar a vobis."

ON SHINGLING

AND as the verdict of human nature condemns men degenerating into women; so from the very selfsame grounds, it deeply censures the aspiring of women above the limits of their female sex, and their metamorphosis into the shapes of men, either in haire, or apparrell. . . . Even nature herselfe abhors to see a woman shorne or polled; a woman with cut hair is a filthy spectacle, and much like a monster; and all repute it a very great absurdity for a woman to walke abrode with shorne haire; for this is all one as if she should take upon her the forme or person of a man, to whom short cut haire is proper, it being naturall and comly to women to nourish their haire, which even God and nature have given them for a covering, a token of subjection, and a naturall badge to distinguish them from men. Yet not withstanding our English gentlewomen (as if they all intended to turn men outright and weare the Breeches, or to become Popish Nonnes) are now growne so farre past shame,

past modesty, grace and nature, as to clip their haire like men with lockes and foretops, and to make this whorish cut the very guise and fashion of the times, to the eternall infamy of their sex, their Nation, and the great scandall of religion.

JOHN DONNE

(1573–1631)

Donne's greatest love-poetry was written to his future wife, Anne More, whom he met when he was twenty-seven. "The Apparition" is an earlier piece, and belongs to the period when he was either celebrating his own inconstancy or denouncing some woman's fickleness. As nothing is known of Donne's early love-affairs, "The Apparition" may be read as a poetical exercise by those who prefer poetry not to derive from personal experience.

THE APPARITION

WHEN by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
And that thou think'st thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, feign'd vestal, in worse arms shall see:
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
    Thou call'st for more,
And, in false sleep, will from thee shrink:
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie
    A verier ghost than I.

What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.
(DONNE.)

OLIVER CROMWELL

(1599–1658)

The worship of Oliver Cromwell, first instituted by Carlyle, has died out of late years; and there are signs nowadays, notably a recent pamphlet by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, of a conscious movement against the nineteenth-century cult of Cromwell.

It would be a pity if this movement followed the line of argument marked out by Mr. Belloc so far as to forget that Comwell's contemporary ill-wishers did not see him merely as a muddle-headed crook, who was preserved from a nervous breakdown only by his over-developed sense of self-preservation.

" Killing no Murder," the passionate incitement to tyrannicide, an extract from which is given here, expresses in every line the consciousness of Cromwell's power. Its author, Colonel Edward Saxby, had served under Cromwell from 1643, but as an extreme Republican quarrelled with Cromwell when he became Protector; and the rest of his life was spent in devising schemes for assassinating Cromwell. His repeated attempts to compass the Protector's death, culminating in the lack of response to " Killing no Murder," had the unintended effect of shortening his own life, and he died insane in the Tower in 1658, a year after the publication of his pamphlet.

Abraham Cowley's attack on Cromwell was published after the Restoration. Anticipating Mr. Belloc, Cowley denies exceptional intelligence to Cromwell, whom he characterises as "a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, or of mind . . ."; and he also anticipates Mr. Belloc in omitting to explain how this mediocre person first made himself absolute master of England and then raised her to a position of which Cromwell's enemy, Clarendon, wrote: "It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries." But in spite of himself, Cowley's sense of Cromwell's greatness is felt in the passion of his invective.

Between these two elaborate indictments, a brief specimen of Cromwell's own style of invective is given, in a letter he wrote, at the beginning of his career, shortly after the outbreak of war to an inefficient committee-man.

KILLING NO MURDER (1657)

BY COLONEL SAXBY

WHO made thee a Prince and a Judge over us? If God made thee, make it manifest to us: If the People, where did we meet to do it? Who took our Subscriptions? To whom deputed we our Authority? And when and where did these Deputies make the Choice? Sure these Interrogations are very natural, and, I believe, would much trouble his Highness's Council, and his Junto to answer. In a word, that I may not tire my Reader (who will not want Proofs for what I say, if he wants not Memory): If to change the

government, without the Peoples Consent: If to dissolve the Representatives by Force, and disannul their Acts: If to give the Name of the Peoples Representatives to Confederates of his own, that he may establish Iniquity by a Law: If to take away Mens Lives out of all Course of Law, by certain Murtherers of his own Appointment, whom he names A High Court of Justice: If to decimate Men's Estates, and by his own Power to impose upon the People what Taxes he pleases; and to maintain this by Force of Arms: If, I say, all this does make a Tyrant, his own Impudence cannot deny but he is as compleat a one, as ever hath been since there have been Societies of men. He that hath done, and does all this, is the Person for whose Preservation the People of England must pray; but certainly if they do, 'tis for the same Reason that the old Woman of Syracuse pray'd for the long Life of the Tyrant Dionysius, lest the Devil should come next. . . . T'is but unnecessary to say, that had not his Highness had a Faculty to be fluent in his Tears, and eloquent in his Execrations: Had he not had spongy Eyes, and a supple Conscience; and besides, to do with a People of great Faith but little Wit: his Courage and the rest of his Moral Virtues, with the help of his Janizaries, had never been able so far to advance him out of the reach of Justice, that we should have need for any other Hand to remove him, but that of the Hangman.

. . . See but to what Degree we (the nation) are come already: . . . What have we of Nobility among us but the Name, the Luxury and Vices of it? Poor wretches, those that now carry that Title are so far from having any of the Virtues, that should adorn it, that they have not so much as the generous Vices that

attend Greatness; they have lost all Ambition and Imagination. As for our Ministers, what have they, or indeed desire they, of their Calling, but the Tithes, etc? How do these horrid Prevaricators search for Distinctions to piece contrary Oaths? How do they rake Scriptures for Flatteries, and impudently apply them to his monstrous Highness? What is the City but a great tame Beast, that eats and carries, and cares not who rides it? What's the Thing call'd a Parliament, but a mock? compos'd of a People that are only suffer'd to sit there because they are known to have no Virtue, after the Exclusion of all others that were but suspected to have any? What are they but Pimps of Tyranny, who are only employed to draw in the People to prostitute their Liberty? What will not the Army fight for? What will they not fight against? What are they but Janizaries, Slaves themselves, and making all others so? What are the People in general but Knaves, Fools, and Cowards, principled for Ease, Vice, and Slavery? This is our Temper this Tyrant hath brought us to already; and if it continues, the little Virtue that is yet left to stock the Nation, must totally extinguish; and then his Highness hath compleated his Work of Reformation. And the truth is, till then his Highness cannot be secure. He must not endure Virtue for that will not endure him.

. . . But to conclude this already over-long Paper. Let every man to whom God hath given the Spirit of Wisdom and Courage, be persuaded by his Honour, his Safety, his own Good and his Country's, and indeed the Duty he owes to his Generation, and to Mankind, to endeavour by all rational means to free the world from this Pest. . . . His Bed, his Table, is not secure, and he stands in need of other Guards to

defend him against his own. Death and Destruction pursues him wherever he goes; they follow him everywhere, like his Fellow-travellers, and at last they will come upon him like armed Men. Darkness is hid in his secret places; a Fire not blown shall consume him; it shall go ill with him that is left in his Tabernacle. He shall flee from the Iron Weapon, and a Bow of Steel shall strike him through. Because he hath oppressed and forsaken the Poor; because he hath violently taken away a House which he builded not; we may be confident, and so may he, ere long all this will be accomplish'd; for the Triumphing of the wicked is but short, and the Joy of the Hypocrite but for a moment. Though his Excellency mount up to the Heavens, and his Head reacheth unto the Clouds, yet shall he perish for ever like his own Dung. They that have seen him shall say, where is He?

TO MR. WATERS, AT THE CROSS KEYS: THESE IN ALL SPEED

SIR,

If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind: I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday.—Sir, I rest, as you will,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

FROM A VISION, CONCERNING HIS LATE PRETENDED HIGHNESS, CROMWELL THE WICKED

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY. PRINTED 1661.

WHAT can be more extraordinarily wicked, than for a person to pretend freedom for all men, and, under the

help of that pretence, to make all men his servants? To take arms against taxes of scarce two-hundred-thousand pounds a year, and to raise them himself to above two millions? To quarrel for the loss of three or four ears, and strike off three or four hundred heads? To fight against an imaginary suspicion of I know not what two-thousand guards to be fetched for the king, I know not from whence, and to keep up for himself no less than forty-thousand? To pretend the defence of parliaments, and violently to dissolve all, even of his own calling and almost choosing? To undertake the reformation of religion, to rob it even to the very skin, and then to expose it naked to the rage of all sects and heresies? To set up councils of rapine, and courts of murder? To fight against the king under a commission for him; to take him forcibly out of the hands of those for whom he had conquered him; to draw him into his net, with protestations and vows of fidelity; and when he had caught him in it, to butcher him, with as little shame, as conscience, or humanity, in the open face of the whole world? To receive a commission for king and parliament, to murder (as I said) the one; and destroy, no less impudently, the other? To fight against monarchy, when he declared for it; and declare against it, when he contrived for it in his own person? To abase perfidiously, and supplant ungratefully, his own general (Fairfax) first, and afterwards most of those officers, who with the loss of their honour, and hazard of their souls, had lifted him up to the top of his unreasonable ambitions? To break his faith with all enemies, and with all friends equally; and to make no less frequent use of the most solemn perjuries, than the looser sort of people do of cus-

tomary oaths? To usurp three kingdoms without any shadow of the least pretensions, and to govern them as unjustly as he got them? To set himself up as an idol (which we know, as St. Paul says, "in itself is nothing,") and make the very streets of London like the valley of Hinnom, by burning the bowels of men as a sacrifice to his Moloch-ship? To seek to entail this usurpation upon his posterity, and with it an endless war upon the nation; and lastly, by the severest judgment of Almighty God, to die hardened, and mad, and unrepentant with the curses of the present age, and the detestation of all to succeed. . . . These are great calamities; but even these are not the most insupportable that we have endured; for so it is, that the scorn and mockery, and insultings of an enemy, are more painful than the deepest wounds of his serious fury. This man was wanton and merry, unwittily and ungracefully merry, with our sufferings; he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to shew his power of doing or saying anything. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws, the petition of right, and Magna Charta. To-day you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow flinging of cushions, and playing at snowballs, with his servants. This month he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors; and he does so, in his princely way of threatening, bidding them turn the buckles of their girdles behind them. The representative of a whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so con-

temptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? Boldness, or brutishness? rashness, or phrensy? There is no name can come up to it, and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old forms, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap; and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chose not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his " vessels of honour " . . . Good God! what have we seen? and what have we suffered? What do all these actions signify? What do they say aloud to the whole nation, but this, even as plainly as if it were proclaimed through the streets of London, " You are slaves and fools, and so I will use you "?

JEREMY TAYLOR
(1613–1667)

Jeremy Taylor, one of the greatest preachers of the Anglican Church, was involved in the disasters of Charles I. In 1645 he was taken prisoner by the Parliament, and though, after his release, he retreated to Wales, he was imprisoned on two more occasions during the Commonwealth. After the Restoration he was appointed Bishop of Down and Connor, and passed his last years in moderate tranquillity, though somewhat harassed by controversial Presbyterians.

The passage quoted below is one of those general indictments of the world which have a composing effect after invective against particular persons or institutions.

ON LIFE

HE that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron, and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many marines and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils.

(*Of Holy Dying.*)

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1612–1680)

Everyone knows Samuel Butler as the satirist of Puritanism, in "Hudibras," which was the fruit of his experience as clerk to Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers. His disillusionment after the Restoration is less well-known. An extract from his condemnation of the age of Charles II is, therefore, given here, to balance "Hudibras," together with a fine passage from his general lament on life, which may be taken to give his conclusion of the whole matter.

DURING THE COMMONWEALTH

FOR his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit:
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox,
By Apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carry'd on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if Religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended:
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;

In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distract, or monkey sick:
That with more care keep holy day
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to:
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.
(*Hudibras.*)

AFTER THE RESTORATION

T'IS a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd;
Nor has it 'scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more t'is plagued, to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then need less) half the Town;
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they'd been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,
Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
(*Satire upon the Licentious Age of Charles II.*)

FROM "THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN"

OUR pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;

Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but out-houses to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt:
Yet makes us swell with pride and boast
As if w' had gain'd by being lost.

JOHN EVELYN

(1620–1706)

Evelyn's Diary, which covers seventy years and of which Scott said he "had never known so rich a mine," came from the pen of a staunch though prudent Royalist, who had joined the king's army in 1642. After three days' service he returned to civilian life, lest he "should be expos'd to ruine, without any advantage to his majestie." His sympathies, however, continued to be with the royal family, a fact which, as in the parallel case of Samuel Butler, lends an added weight to his disgust with Charles II.

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II

From the Diary of John Evelyn

I CAN never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulnesse of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'ennight I was witnesse of,

the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, etc.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!

JOHN OLDHAM

(1653–1683)

Oldham's Satires on the Jesuits were written at the time of the Popish Plot. The full excellence of Dryden is felt after reading the wholesale and therefore unconvincing invective of Oldham. It is, however, brilliantly done, and explains the admiration both of Dryden and Pope, though the latter's praise is qualified: "he has strong rage, but it is too much like Billingsgate."

ON THE JESUITS

NOW see we why your founder, weary grown,
Would lay his former trade of soldier down:
He found t'was dull; he found a crown would be
A fitter case, and badge of cruelty.
Each snivelling hero seas of blood can spill,
When wrongs provoke, and honour bids him kill;—
Give me your through-paced rogue, who scorns to be
Prompted by poor revenge, or injury,
But does it of true inbred cruelty;
Your cool and sober murderer, who prays
And stabs at the same time, who one hand has

Stretched up to Heaven, the other to make the pass.
So the late saints of blessèd memory,
Cut-throats in godly pure sincerity,
So they with lifted hands, and eyes devout,
Said grace, and carved a slaughtered monarch out.
When the first traitor Cain (too good to be
Thought patron of this black fraternity)
His bloody tragedy of old designed,
One death alone quenched his revengeful mind,
Content with but a quarter of mankind:
Had he been Jesuit, and but put on
Their savage cruelty, the rest had gone;
His hand had sent old Adam after too,
And forced the Godhead to create anew.

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631–1700)

Dryden's "Absalom and Achitophel," from which all but the last two passages given below are taken, was published in 1681.

The occasion of this poem, the greatest verse satire in English literature, was the attempt of Shaftesbury (Achitophel) to secure the exclusion of the king's brother, James, from the throne, and the appointment of Monmouth (Absalom) as Charles II's successor.

Titus Oates' Popish Plot, in 1678, *invented to discredit the Catholics in general and James in particular, was used by Shaftesbury to strengthen his schemes on behalf of Monmouth. Charles's policy with the Protestant extremists was, in his own phrase, "to give them line enough." In the popular reaction, which in* 1681 *followed the exposure of Titus Oates, Shaftesbury's Exclusion Bill was dropped, and Shaftesbury*

himself was committed to the Tower. An indictment against him for high treason was, however, quashed by a grand jury, and at the end of the following year he retired to Holland, where he died in 1683.

Buckingham, Dryden's Zimri, took an active part in prosecuting those who were supposed to be implicated in the Popish Plot, but he disliked both Shaftesbury and Monmouth, and dissociated himself from the Exclusion Bill. He was restored to the king's favour in 1684.

It is extremely difficult, with the confused and inadequate knowledge we possess of Dryden's life and circumstances, to decide on the purpose and emotion behind his various satirical portraits. Though he pictured Charles II as a King David menaced by ungrateful traitors he can hardly have felt that there was anything in common between the two monarchs except the multiplicity of their wives. The fact that a spirited defence of Charles II might draw the royal attention to the fact that the poet's pension had not been paid for over a year may well have weighed with Dryden more than any remoter impulse. Nor does the fact that, during the Popish Plot frenzy, Dryden produced a play, "The Spanish Friar," in which he attacked the Catholic priesthood, suggest that he was deeply troubled by Shaftesbury's Protestant agitation. If, however, he had written "Absalom and Achitophel" for purely venal reasons, his invective would have been entirely unmeasured and malignant. The vigour and freedom, and on occasion, especially in the portrait of Shaftesbury, the magnanimity with which he portrays his victims, suggest that though political and religious conviction was lacking, their absence was supplied by the enthusiasm of a writer inspired

by a congenial subject. He had, too, as far as our information goes, some personal grudges to work off. Buckingham (Zimri) had, in "The Rehearsal," written a skit on the heroic drama, with Dryden as his chief butt. Thomas Shadwell (Og) attacked Dryden, between the first and second parts of "Absalom and Achitophel" as a "half-wit," a "half-fool," and "an abandoned rascal." Elkanah Settle (Doeg) was taken up by Rochester, and run against Dryden, one of his pieces, "The Empress of Morocco," being played at Whitehall by the court lords and ladies.

Finally, Flecknoe, to whom, together with Shadwell, Dryden devoted the satire of Mac Flecknoe, had, more than thirty years before Jeremy Collier, attacked the indecency of the contemporary stage, a point on which Dryden had full reason to be sensitive.

In his attacks on his dramatic and poetic colleagues, though he is never malicious in the manner of Pope, Dryden sweeps forward with the undiscriminating fury of an avalanche. Elkanah Settle, who in his old age had the misfortune to be finally dispatched by Pope, perhaps deserved his fate; but neither Shadwell nor Flecknoe was the imbecile of Dryden's magnificent painting. In a lyric on love, Flecknoe has a couplet not unworthy of Donne, though it would be still better if it rhymed.

> *"It is the pulse by which we know*
> *Whether our souls have life or no."*

ACHITOPHEL (SHAFTESBURY)

OF these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding Ages curst

For close Designs and crooked Counsels fit,
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixt in Principles and Place,
In Pow'r unpleased, impatient of Disgrace;
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy Body to decay:
And o'r informed the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He sought the Storms; but, for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer too nigh the Sands to boast his Wit.
Great Wits are sure to Madness near alli'd.
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Else, why should he, with Wealth and Honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of Rest?
Punish a Body which he could not please,
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Ease?
And all to leave what with his Toil he won
To that unfeathered two-legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions trie;
And born a shapeless Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendship false, implacable in Hate,
Resolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State;
To Compass this the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a Foreign Yoke;
Then, seiz'd with Fear, yet still affecting Fame,
Usurp'd a Patriot's All-atoning Name.

ZIMRI (BUCKINGHAM)

A MAN so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all mankind's Epitome.

Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was Everything by starts, and Nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, Statesman, and Buffoon;
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Besides ten thousand Freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who coud every hour employ,
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual Theams;
And both (to show his Judgment) in Extreams:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded but Desert.

CORAH (TITUS OATES)

Yet, Corah, thou shalt from Oblivion pass;
Erect thyself thou Monumental Brass.

NADAB [1] (WILLIAM, LORD HOWARD OF ESCRICK)

AND Canting Nadab let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paschal Lamb.

BEN JOCHANAN [2] (SAMUEL JOHNSON)

LET Hebron, nay let Hell produce a Man
So made for mischief as Ben Jochanan,

[1] Lord Howard, when a prisoner in the Tower, declared his innocence while taking the Sacrament. He is accused of taking the Sacrament on this occasion not in wine but in a mixture called "lamb's wool"; an ale poured on roasted apples and sauce.

[2] Samuel Johnson was Chaplain to Lord Russell, and author of a work entitled *Julian the Apostate*, the aim of which was to show the danger of a sovereign whose faith was not that of his subjects. He is said to have been a man of high character.

A Jew of humble Parentage was He,
By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
His Pride no higher than the Desk aspir'd,
But for the Drudgery of Priests was hir'd
To Reade and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,
And pick up single sheckles from the Grave.
Married at last, and finding Charge come faster,
He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master:
Inspir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
They got a Villain, and we lost a Fool.

DOEG AND OG

DOEG (ELKANAH SETTLE)

To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten Uzza as I woud the Pox;
And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble sense on Verse,
Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times
Shall live in spight of their own Dogrell Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blundering kind of melody;
Spurd boldly on, and Dash'd through Thick and Thin,
Through Sense and Non-sense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, Heroically mad,
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And, if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well.
Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-nature:
He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.

If he call Rogue and Rascal from a Garrat,
He means you no more mischief than a Parot.
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own mother:
And call young Absalom King David's Brother.
Let him be Gallows-Free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant. . . .

OG (THOMAS SHADWELL)

Now stop your noses, Readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
Og from a Treason Tavern rowling home.
Round as a Globe, and Liquored every chink,
Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link;
With all this Bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A Monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the Devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to Blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before Curst him . . .
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
What t'was of Old to pamper up a Jew;
To what would he on Quail and Pheasant swell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebell?
But though Heaven made him poor, (with reverence
speaking,)
He never was a Poet of God's making;
The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick Skull,
With this Prophetick blessing—*Be thou Dull.*
. . . I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
For who would read thy Life that reads thy rhimes?

But of King David's Foes be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-man Absalom;
And for my Foes may this their Blessing be,
To talk like Doeg and to write like Thee.

MAC FLECKNOE (SHADWELL)

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey:
This Fleckno found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long:
In Prose and Verse was own'd, without dispute
Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.
This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the Succession of the State;
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
Cry'd, 'tis resolved; for Nature pleads that He
Should onely rule, who most resembles me:
Sh— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Sh— alone of all my Sons is he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Sh— never deviates into sense.
Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But Sh—'s genuine night admits no ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Besides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty:

Thoughtless as Monarch Oakes that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but Types of thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way:
And coarsely clad in Norwich Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.

(*Mac Flecknoe.*)

LIFE

WHEN I consider life, t'is all a cheat;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
To-morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, we shall be blessed
With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
Strange cozenage! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.

JEREMY COLLIER

(1650–1726)

Jeremy Collier produced his "Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage in 1698," by which date the revolt against the restraints of the Puritan period had spent its force. In spite of much pedantry and no sense of dramatic art, Collier's

attack on the stage compares very favourably with the Puritan Prynne's. As a Tory and high churchman, he both was, and was tacitly allowed by his victims to be, more competent than any Puritan to discuss indecency and profanity without absurd exaggeration; and, as the extract given shows, he had a good command of a blunt though effective irony. Dryden, in the preface to his Fables, acknowledged the justice of Collier's attack in a passage which illustrates Dryden's magnanimity, and is therefore interesting to the student of Dryden's satires: "I shall say the less of Mr. Collier, because in many things he has tax'd me justly; and I have pleaded guilty to all Thoughts and Expressions of mine, which can be truly argu'd of Obscenity, Profaneness, or Immorality; and retract them. If he be my Enemy, let him triumph; if he be my Friend, as I have given him no Personal Occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my Repentance."

FROM "A DEFENCE OF THE SHORT VIEW OF THE PROFANENESS AND IMMORALITY OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, ETC.,"

BEING A REPLY TO MR. CONGREVE'S AMENDMENTS, ETC.

BY JEREMY COLLIER

. . . MR. CONGREVE proceeds to acquaint us, how careful the Stage is for the Instruction of the Audience. That the moral of the whole is generally summ'd up in the concluding Lines of the Poem, and put into Rhime, that it may be easy and engaging to the Memory. To this I answer,

First, That this Expedient is not always made use of. And not to trouble the Reader with many Instances, we have nothing of it in "Love in a Nunnery," and the "Relapse," both of which Plays are in my Opinion not a little dangerous.

Secondly, Sometimes these comprehensive Lines do more harm than good: They do so in "The Soldiers Fortune": They do so likewise in the "Old Batchellor"; which instructs us to admirable purpose in these words:

But oh——
What rugged Ways attend the Noon of Life?
(Our Sun declines) and with what anxious Strife,
What Pain we tug that galling Load a Wife?

This moral is uncurtly and vitious, it encourages Lewdness, and agrees extremely well with the Fable. "Love for Love" may have somewhat a better Farewel, but would do a Man little Service, should he remember it to his dying Day. Here Angelica, after a fit of profane Vanity in Prose, takes her leave as follows:

The Miracle to Day is that we find
A Lover true: Not that a Woman's kind.

This last Word is somewhat ambiguous, and with a little Help may strike off into a light Sense. But take it at the best, 'tis not overloaden with Weight and Apophthegme.

Thirdly, Supposing the Moral grave and unexceptionable, it amounts to little in the present Case. Alas! The Doctor comes too late for the Disease, and the Antidote is much too weak for the Poison. When a Poet has flourished on an ill Subject for some Hours: When he has larded his Scenes with Smut, and play'd

his Jests on Religion; and exhausted himself upon Vice, what can a dry Line or two of good Counsel signify? The Tincture is taken, the Fancy is pre-ingaged, and the Man is gone off into another Interest. Profane Wit, luscious Expressions, and the handsome Appearance of a Libertine, solicit strongly for Debauchery. These Things are mighty Recruits to Folly, and make the Will too hard for the Understanding. A Taste of Philosophy has a very flat Relish, after so full an Entertainment. An agreeable Impression is not so easily defaced by a single Stroak, especially when 'tis worn deep by Force and Repetition. And as the Audience are not secur'd, so neither are the Poets this way. A Moral Sentence at the Close of a lewd Play, is much like a pious Expression in the Mouth of a dying Man, who has been wicked all his Life Time. This some ignorant People call making a good End, as if one wise Word would atone for an Age of Folly. To return to the Stage. I suppose other Parts of a Discourse besides the Conclusion, ought to be free from Infection. If a man was sound only at his Finger Ends, he would have little Comfort in his Constitution. . . . In short, this Expedient of Mr. Congreve's, as 'tis insignificant to the Purpose 'tis brought, so it looks very like a Piece of formal Hypocrisy, and seems to be made use of to conceal the Immorality of the Play, and cover the Poet from Censure.

THOMAS OTWAY

(1652–1685)

The love-letters of Thomas Otway, a tragedian born into an age of comedy, are, in spite of their formal language, among the most moving in English litera-

ture. The object of his long passion, Mrs. Barry, the actress, treated him with an indifference perhaps provoked by his too unreserved surrender to his love for her. Only in the letter given below did he ever venture to reproach her. Otherwise he wrote to her in the despair, unmixed with complaint, of the following passage: "Generally with wine or conversation I diverted or appeased the demon that possessed me; but when at night, returning to my unhappy self, to give my heart an account why I had done it so unnatural a violence, it was then I always paid a treble interest for the short moments of ease which I had borrowed; then every treacherous thought rose up and took your part, nor left me till they had thrown me on my bed and opened those sluices of tears that were to run till morning.

remember poor Otway."

THOMAS OTWAY TO MRS. BARRY, THE ACTRESS (LETTER V)

YOU cannot but be sensible that I am blind, or you would not so openly discover what a ridiculous tool you make of me. I should be glad to discover whose satisfaction I was sacrificed to this morning; for I am sure your own ill-nature could not be guilty of inventing such an injury to me, merely to try how much I could bear, were it not for the sake of some ass that has the fortune to please you. In short, I have made it the business of my life to do you service and please you, if possible by any way to convince you of the unhappy love I have for seven years toiled under; and your whole business is to pick ill-natured conjectures out of my harmless freedom of conversation, to

vex and gall me with, as often as you are pleased to divert yourself at the expense of my quiet. O thou tormentor! Could I think it were jealousy, how should I humble myself to be justified! But I cannot bear the thought of being made a property either of another man's good fortune or the vanity of a woman that designs nothing but to plague me.

There may be means found, some time or other, to let you know your mistaking.

ALEXANDER POPE
(1688–1744)

Of the extracts here given from Pope, the first, the attack on Addison, is the most studied and delicate piece of invective in the language. The occasion, if not the cause, of Pope's estrangement from Addison was a translation by Tickell of the first book of the Iliad. Pope was bringing out his own translation, and was much incensed on being told by Gay that Steele had said that Addison had called Tickell's work the best translation ever made in any language. This was not exactly first-hand information, but Pope, as far as we can now judge, desired some pretext for feeling ill-used by Addison. His defence of Addison's "Cato" against Dennis's little-known but witty and well-aimed attack had been disavowed by Addison, who expressed his disapproval of Pope's controversial manners. Pope said nothing at this time; but it was probably Addison's action on this occasion rather than his real or imagined preference of Tickell's Homer to Pope's that generated the driving force behind the immortal malice of "Atticus."

Pope's portrait of Wharton, son of the Wharton whom Swift called "the most universal villain I ever knew," is fairly exact. Ineffective as wit and politician, and vacillating between blasphemy and superstition, Wharton was consistent only as a libertine, in which character he is said to have been Richardson's model for Lovelace in "Clarissa."

The cause of the quarrel between Lord Hervey and Pope is not known, though it is conjectured that Pope was jealous of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's preference for Hervey. Pope, who was under five feet and very shrunk and wizened, certainly exhibits the traditional malignity of dwarfs in this attack on Hervey, who retorted in a poem entitled "The Difference between Verbal and Practical Virtue, exemplified in some Instances both ancient and modern." Pope had written

"Yes, I am proud, and must be proud to see
Those not afraid of God afraid of me,"

and Hervey scored a point in his comment—

". . . the great honour of that boast is such,
That hornets and mad dogs may boast as much."

Pope's references to Hervey's appearance and diet are confirmed by Lord Hailes: "Lord Hervey having felt some attacks of epilepsy, entered upon and practised a very strict regimen, and thus stopped the progress and prevented the effects of that dreadful disease. His daily food was a small quantity of asses' milk and a flour biscuit; once a week he indulged himself with eating an apple: he used emetics daily. . . . Lord Hervey used to paint to soften his ghastly appearance."

"The Dunciad," modelled on Dryden's "Mac Flecknoe," altogether lacks the largeness and geniality of that satire. Overcrowded with the names of forgotten hack-writers, whose chief crime was that they were not living in the ease and comfort enjoyed by Pope, it is no longer readable as a whole. Its best couplet, quoted below, gives the aged Settle his quietus; and the picture of Grub Street at night is amusing if taken as lightly as Pope took the misfortunes of starving hacks. "Orator" Henley, referred to in this passage, was an Elmer Gantry of the eighteenth century, who for many years lived profitably as a popular preacher. The titles of some of his sermons have the attraction of the enigmatic; as, for example, "Light in a Candlestick, or the Impartial Clergyman" and "A Lecture on high fits of zeal, or Mrs. Cadiere's raptures."

ADDISON

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blessed with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?
(*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.*)

WHARTON

WHARTON, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot [1] too.
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet general praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways.
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue which no man can persuade;

[1] "John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his wit and extravagances in the time of Charles II."—POPE.

A fool with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great,
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.
(*The Epistle to Sir Richard Temple.*)

LORD HERVEY

LET Sporus tremble—A.: What? that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk? [1]
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P.: Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted [2] child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.

[1] To keep off epilepsy, Lord Hervey lived on ass's milk and biscuits.

[2] Alluding to his use of rouge to improve his complexion.

His wit all see-saw, between that and this
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
(*Epistle to Arbuthnot.*)

GRUB STREET AT NIGHT

THUS the soft gifts of sleep conclude the day,
And stretched on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly muse
Did slumbering visit and convey to stews;
Who prouder marched, with magistrates in state
To some famed round-house, ever open gate!
How Henley lay inspired beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seemed a Priest in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighbouring Fleet [1]
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.
(*Dunciad,* BOOK II.)

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION

Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But lived, in Settle's [2] numbers, one day more.
(*Dunciad,* BOOK I.)

[1] The Fleet: a prison for insolvent debtors on the bank of the Ditch.

[2] Elkanah Settle, city poet, 1648-1724. Satirised by Dryden as Doeg in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel.

JONATHAN SWIFT

(1667–1745)

After the malignancy of Pope, the more generalised invective of Swift, profoundly individual though it is, comes as a relief. Swift often attacks persons, as in his sketch of Wharton, or his verse satire, "The Legion Club," but his peculiar genius required, for its fullest expression, a larger target than any single individual. The extracts given here are, therefore, all taken from "Gulliver's Travels," in the belief that "Gulliver," in spite of much opinion to the contrary, is Swift's most complete and most profound picture of life as he had experienced it.

Thackeray's answer to the Yahoos was a hoot, a retort which might have seemed to Swift to support his argument. Gulliver's swoon, when his wife embraces him on his return from the Houyhnhnms, is an image of Swift's growing horror of life, and a foreshadowing of his final madness. It is included here as marking the extreme limit of disgust reached in English or perhaps in any literature.

THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG ON THE ENGLISH

MY little friend Grildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied, by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. . . . It does not appear, from all you have said, how any one perfection is required towards the procurement of any one station among you; much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced

for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. . . . By what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

GULLIVER ON THE ENGLISH NOBILITY

I MADE his honour my most humble acknowledgments for the good opinion he was pleased to conceive of me; but assured him, at the same time, that my birth was of the lower sort, having been born of plain honest parents, who were just able to give me a tolerable education; that nobility among us was altogether a different thing from the idea he had of it; that our young noblemen are bred from their childhood in idleness and luxury; that as soon as years will permit, they consume their vigour, and contract odious diseases, among lewd females; and when their fortunes are almost ruined, they marry some woman of mean birth, disagreeable person, and unsound constitution, merely for the sake of money, whom they hate and despise; that the productions of such marriages are generally scrofulous, rickety, or deformed children; by which means the family seldom continues above three generations, unless the wife takes care to provide a healthy father, among her neighbours or domestics, in order to improve and continue the breed; that a weak, diseased body, a meagre countenance, and sallow complexion, are the true marks of noble blood;

and a healthy, robust appearance is so disgraceful in a man of quality, that the world concludes his real father to have been a groom or a coachman. The imperfections of his mind run parallel with those of his body, being a composition of spleen, dulness, ignorance, caprice, sensuality, and pride.

Without the consent of this illustrious body no law can be enacted, repealed, or altered; and these nobles have likewise the decision of all our possessions, without appeal.

GULLIVER ON THE ENGLISH SYSTEM OF COLONISING

A CREW of pirates are driven by a storm they know not whither; at length a boy discovers land from the topmast; they go on shore to rob and plunder; they see a harmless people, are entertained with kindness; they give the country a new name; they take formal possession of it for their king; they set up a rotten plank or a stone for a memorial; they murder two or three dozen of the natives; bring away a couple more by force for a sample; return home and get their pardon. Here commences a new dominion acquired with a title by divine right. Ships are sent with the first opportunity; the natives driven out or destroyed; their princes tortured to discover their gold; a free licence given to all acts of inhumanity and lust, the earth reeking with the blood of its inhabitants: and this execrable crew of butchers, employed in so pious an expedition, is a modern colony, sent to convert and civilise an idolatrous and barbarous people.

GULLIVER'S RETURN TO THE YAHOOS OF ENGLAND

MY wife and family received me with great surprise and joy, because they concluded me certainly dead;

but I must freely confess the sight of them filled me only with hatred, disgust, and contempt; and the more, by reflecting on the near alliance I had to them. For although, since my unfortunate exile from the Houyhnhnm country, I had compelled myself to tolerate the sight of Yahoos, and to converse with Don Pedro de Mendez, yet my memory and imagination were perpetually filled with the virtues and ideas of those exalted Houyhnhnms. And when I began to consider, that by copulating with one of the Yahoo species I had become a parent of more, it struck me with the utmost shame, confusion, and horror.

As soon as I entered the house, my wife took me in her arms and kissed me; at which, having not been used to the touch of that odious animal for so many years, I fell into a swoon for almost an hour. At the time I am writing, it is five years since my last return to England: during the first year I could not endure my wife or children in my presence; the very smell of them was intolerable; much less could I suffer them to eat in the same room. To this hour they dare not presume to touch my bread, or drink out of the same cup; neither was I ever able to let one of them take me by the hand. The first money I laid out was to buy two young stone horses, which I keep in a good stable; and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite, for I feel my spirits revived by the smell he contracts in the stable. My horses understand me tolerably well; I converse with them at least four hours every day. They are strangers to bridle or saddle; they live in great amity with me, and friendship to each other.

HENRY CAREY

(*d.* 1743)

Ambrose Philips, satirised in "Namby-Pamby," wrote some poems to the infant daughters of Lord Carteret and David Pulteney, one of which begins "Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling." Victorian sentimentality, product of an unnatural union between poetry and Puritanism, has been traced as far back as Addison, a genealogy which is supported by the invention of the word "namby-pamby" a hundred years before it came into general use.

Carey, still remembered as the poet of "Sally in our Alley," wrote a good deal of excellent burlesque verse, including Scott's favourite "Chrononhotonthologos," a skit on blank-verse tragedy.

NAMBY-PAMBY: OR, A PANEGYRIC ON THE NEW VERSIFICATION ADDRESSED TO A—— P——, ESQ.

Nanty-panty Jack-a-dandy
Stole a piece of sugar candy
From the Grocer's shoppy-shop,
And away did hoppy-hop.

All ye poets of the age,
All ye witlings of the stage,
Learn your jingles to reform;
Crop your numbers, and conform:
Let your little verses flow
Gently, sweetly, row by row.
Let the verse the subject fit,
Little subject, little wit.
Namby Pamby is your guide,
Albion's joy, Hibernia's pride.
Namby Pamby Pilli-pis,
Rhimy-pim'd on missy-mis——

As an actor does his part,
So the nurses get by heart
Namby Pamby's little rhymes,
Little jingle, little chimes.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
While the nurse sings lullaby.
Namby Pamby's Doubly mild,
Once a man, and twice a child . . .
Now he pumps his little wits
All by little tiny bits.
Now methinks I hear him say,
Boys and girls, come out to play,
Moon does shine as bright as day . . .
Now he sings of Jacky Horner
Sitting in the chimney corner,
Eating of a Christmas pie,
Putting in his thumb, oh, fie!
Putting in, oh, fie! his thumb,
Pulling out, oh, strange! a plum.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728–1774)

Goldsmith's portrait of Garrick, in "Retaliation," mixes severity and appreciation with extraordinary skill. There is an air of impartiality about it which no other piece of portraiture in this anthology possesses, except Shakespeare's Jonson-Ajax.

The occasion of "Retaliation" was a couplet which Garrick composed on Goldsmith at St. James's Coffee-house, one day when some friends of Goldsmith, but not Goldsmith himself, were dining with Garrick.

"Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

FROM "RETALIATION"

HERE lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
This man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
How did Grub-Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

JOHN WESLEY

(1703–1791)

Wesley's criticism of Lord Chesterfield is interesting both as an introduction to Johnson's famous letter, and as an illustration of the sharp opposition in the eighteenth century between religion and culture, both of which were impoverished by this divorce.

WESLEY ON LORD CHESTERFIELD

I BORROWED here a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters, which I had heard very strongly commended. And what did I learn?—That he was a man of much wit, middling sense, and some learning; but as absolutely void of virtue, as any Jew, Turk, or Heathen, that ever lived. I say, not only void of all religion, (for I doubt whether he believed there is a God, though he tags most of his letters with the name, for better sound sake,) but even of virtue, of justice, and mercy, which he never once recommended to his son. And truth he sets at absolute defiance: He continually guards him against it. Half his letters inculcate deep dissimulation, as the most necessary of all accomplishments. Add to this, his studiously instilling into the young man all the principles of debauchery, when himself was between seventy and eighty years old.

Add his cruel censure of the Archbishop of Cambray (*quantum dispar illi,*) as a mere time-serving hypocrite! And this is the favourite of the age! Whereas, if justice and truth take place, if he is rewarded according to his desert, his name will stink to all generations.

(*Diary, Wed., Oct.* 11, 1775.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON
(1709–1784)

Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield, the patron who had neglected to help him while he was working on the Dictionary, is often spoken of as the spontaneous outpouring of a rugged unworldly nature, disgusted by aristocratic insolence and insincerity. But Johnson, as his affection and admiration for the elegant Topham Beauclerk show, had a strong appreciation of worldly grace and distinction. He even on one occasion astonished Boswell by claiming a high degree of politeness as one of his own special characteristics. It was his pride, not his faith in human nature, which was wounded by Chesterfield's neglect. The restraint and dignity of his rebuke are perfectly adjusted to its recipient. Chesterfield is not to be gratified by the unpolished reproaches of an inferior. He is to be humiliated by a dignity as unruffled as his own, and far more massive. This would seem to have been Johnson's intention, and his execution was magnificently equal to it. Chesterfield took his unexpected chastisement with characteristic adroitness. When Dodsley, the bookseller, called on him soon afterwards, Johnson's letter lay on his table, for his visitors

to peruse. "He read it to me," Dodsley records, "said 'this man has great powers,' pointed out the severest passages, and observed how well they were expressed." "Glossy duplicity" is Boswell's comment on this anecdote.

How Johnson dealt with a middle-class opponent is shown in his letter to James Macpherson, the alleged translator of the Ossianic poems. These poems Johnson had, in his "Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland," declared to be a forgery. Macpherson sent Johnson a challenge, and Johnson replied in the terms quoted below. Macpherson did not press the matter.

The Ossian mystery has never been satisfactorily solved, but it is now generally held that Macpherson drew to some extent on Gaelic originals.

Of the other extracts given here, one exhibits Johnson and Boswell each at his most characteristic in his relation to the other; and the next three extracts are from Mrs. Piozzi's incomprehensibly neglected "Anecdotes." Except in volume, Mrs. Piozzi's reports of Johnson's talk are as valuable as Boswell's; and Boswell has no single outburst to compare in grandeur of style and depth of emotion with Johnson's defence of charity.

THE LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from

the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart

it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord—Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

JOHNSON ON LORD CHESTERFIELD

JOHNSON having now explicitly avowed his opinion of Lord Chesterfield, did not refrain from expressing himself concerning that nobleman with pointed freedom: "This man (said he) I thought had been a Lord among wits; but, I find, he is only a wit among Lords!" And when his *Letters* to his natural son were published, he (Johnson) observed, that "they teach the morals of a whore, and the manners of a dancing master."

(*Boswell's Life of Johnson.*)

TO MR. JAMES MACPHERSON, 1775

MR. JAMES MACPHERSON,—I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the publick which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals, inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

SAM. JOHNSON.

BOSWELL MISUNDERSTOOD

(*From "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides"*)

IT grew dusky; and we had a very tedious ride for what was called five miles; but I am sure would measure ten. We had no conversation. I was riding forward to the inn at Glenelg, on the shore opposite to Sky, that I might take proper measures, before Dr. Johnson, who was now advancing in dreary silence, Hay leading his horse, should arrive. Vass also walked by the side of his horse, and Joseph followed behind: as therefore he was thus attended, and seemed to be in deep meditation, I thought there could be no harm in leaving him for a little while. He called me back with a tremendous shout, and was really in a passion with me for leaving him. I told him my intentions, but he was not satisfied, and said, "Do you know, I should as soon have thought of picking a pocket, as doing so." *Boswell.* "I am diverted with you, sir." *Johnson.* "Sir, I could never be diverted with incivility. Doing such a thing, makes one lose confidence in him who has done it, as one cannot tell what he may do next." His extraordinary warmth confounded me so much, that I justified myself but

lamely to him; yet my intentions were not improper. . . . I however continued to ride by him, finding he wished I should do so.

DR. JOHNSON QUERIES A STATEMENT

MR. JOHNSON did not like anyone who said they were happy, or who said anyone else was so. " It is all *cant* (he would cry), the dog knows he is miserable all the time." A friend whom he loved exceedingly, told him on some occasion notwithstanding, that his wife's sister was *really* happy, and called upon the lady to confirm his assertion, which she did somewhat roundly as we say, and with an accent and manner capable of offending Mr. Johnson, if her position (argument) had not been sufficient, without anything more, to put him in very ill humour. " If your sister-in-law is really the contented being she professes herself, Sir (said he), her life gives the lie to every research of humanity; for she is happy without health, without beauty, without money, and without understanding." This story he told me himself; and when I expressed something of the horror I felt, " the same stupidity (said he) which prompted her to extol felicity she never felt, hindered her from feeling what shocks you on repetition. I tell you, the woman is ugly, and sickly, and foolish, and poor; and would it not make a man hang himself to hear such a creature say, it was happy? "

(*Anecdotes of Johnson by Mrs. Piozzi.*)

OVIPAROUS AND VIVIPAROUS

ANOTHER strange thing he told me once which there was no danger of forgetting: how a young gentleman

called on him one morning, and told him that his father having, just before his death, dropped suddenly into the enjoyment of an ample fortune, he, the son, was willing to qualify himself for genteel society by adding some literature to his other endowments, and wished to be put in an easy way of obtaining it. Johnson recommended the university: " for you read Latin, Sir, with *facility*." " I read it a little to be sure, Sir." " But do you read it *with facility*, I say? " " Upon my word, Sir, I do not very well know, but I rather believe not." Mr. Johnson now began to recommend other branches of science, when he found languages at such an immeasurable distance, and advising him to study natural history, there arose some talk about animals, and their divisions into oviparous and viviparous; " And the cat here, Sir," said the youth who wished for instruction; " pray in which class is she? " Our Doctor's patience and desire of doing good began now to give way to the natural roughness of his temper. " You would do well (said he) to look for some person to be always about you, Sir, who is capable of explaining such matters, and not come to us (there were some literary friends present as I recollect) to know whether the cat lays eggs or not: get a discreet man to keep you company, there are many who would be glad of your table and fifty pounds a year."

(Mrs. Piozzi.)

ON CHARITY

he loved the poor as I never yet saw anyone else do, with an earnest desire to make them happy.—" What signifies " says someone, " giving halfpence to common

beggars? They only lay it out in gin or tobacco." "And why should they be denied such sweeteners of their existence (says Johnson)? It is surely very savage to refuse them every possible avenue to pleasure, reckoned too coarse for our own acceptance. Life is a pill which none of us can bear to swallow without gilding; yet for the poor we delight in stripping it still barer, and are not ashamed to shew even visible displeasure, if ever the bitter taste is taken from their mouths."

(Mrs. Piozzi.)

CHARLES CHURCHILL

(1731–1764)

After attacking the stage in the "Rosciad," Churchill turned his attention to Scotland, in "The Prophecy of Famine," which came out in 1763, at a time when the Scotch place-hunters in attendance on the Scotch Prime Minister, Lord Bute, were exciting the indignation of the English place-hunters whom they had dispossessed.

Johnson spoke contemptuously of Churchill. "I called the fellow a blockhead at first, and I will call him a blockhead still," he roared, when Boswell ventured to hint that Johnson was biased by Churchill's attack on him for collecting subscriptions to bring out an edition of Shakespeare, and then spending the money without troubling to bring out the edition. Boswell appears to have been stunned at the moment, but in his comment on this scene writes: "His 'Prophecy of Famine' is a poem of no ordinary merit. It is, indeed, falsely injurious to Scotland,

but therefore may be allowed a greater share of invention."

As the passage on Jockey and Sawnie shows, Churchill was not a mere continuator of the Pope tradition of satire. He has, joined to great force, a freshness and pictorial sense which reveal the first stirrings of the Romantic revival.

Johnson, of course, shared Churchill's feeling against the Scotch, though it was much modified after his journey to the Hebrides. One of his greatest triumphs in the cumulative style of retort, in which he excelled all other men, was at the expense of Scotland.

" Mr. Ogilvie," Boswell narrates, " then took new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. Johnson, *' I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England! ' This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of Nature, cannot deny it to Caledonia."*

THE SCOT IN ENGLAND

THE Scots are poor, cries surly English pride;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If, by low, supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own;

If, mean in want and insolent in power,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Roused by such wrongs should reason take alarm,
And e'en the Muse for public safety arm:
But if they own ingenuous virtue's sway,
And follow where true honour points the way;
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found;
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but justice can't condemn.
" Into our places, states, and beds they creep; "
They've sense to get what we want sense to keep.
(*The Prophecy of Famine.*)

JOCKEY AND SAWNIE

TWO boys, whose birth, beyond all question, springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,

Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes;
Where, from their youth enured to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
Jockey, whose manly, high-boned cheeks to crown,
With freckles spotted, flamed the golden down,

With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals and ditties from Fingal:
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratched her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green:
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die:
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo:
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here:
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan:
No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose,[1]
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows;
By instinct blows at morn, and when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

(*The Prophecy of Famine.*)

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

(1721–1771)

Matthew Bramble, in Smollett's last novel, "Humphry Clinker," though a Welshman, is really

[1] The Jacobite badge.

Smollett himself, and his criticisms of English life, as it appeared to Smollett's Scotch eyes, adequately revenge the attacks of Johnson and Churchill on the Scotch.

There is no more vigorous invective on current manners in English literature than the passages given below. It is worth noticing that Smollett's subjects of complaint are identical with those which the post-war pessimist of to-day laments.

MATTHEW BRAMBLE ON ——: POST-WAR PROFITEERS

EVERY upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation—Clerks and factors from the East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness, but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the

land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of these uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest imposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillons among lordlings, 'squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Butcher-row, Crutched-Friers, and Botolph-Lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the Lower Town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum; and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

THE SPEED OF MODERN LIFE

IN short, there is no distinction or subordination left —The different departments of life are jumbled together—The hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapster, the publican, the shopkeeper, the petti-fogger, the citizen, and courtier, *all tread upon the kibes of one another*: actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiousness, they are seen everywhere, rambling riding, rolling, rushing, justling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and crashing in one vile ferment of stupidity and corruption—All is tumult

and hurry; one would imagine they were impelled by some disorder of the brain, that will not suffer them to be at rest. The foot-passengers run along as if they were pursued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burdens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the streets at full speed. Even citizens, physicians, and apothecaries, glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney-coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them; and I have actually seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at the hand gallop. In a word, the whole nation seems to be running out of their wits.

LONDON NIGHT LIFE

WHAT are the amusements at Ranelagh? One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle; like so many blind asses in an olive-mill; where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished; while the other half are drinking hot water under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal musick especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly. Vauxhall is a composition of baubles overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill conceived and poorly executed; without any unity of design or propriety of disposition. . . . In all probability, the proprietors of this and other public gardens of inferior note, in the skirts of the metropolis, are, in some shape, connected with the faculty of physic, and the company of undertakers; for, considering that

eagerness in the pursuit of what is called pleasure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am persuaded, that more gouts, rheumatisms, catarrhs, and consumptions are caught in these nocturnal pastimes, *sub dio*, than from all the risques and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is exposed.

THE NOISE OF LONDON

I GO to bed after midnight, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day—I start every hour from my sleep, at the horrid noise of the watchmen bawling the hour through every street, and thundering at every door; a set of useless fellows, who serve no other purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I start out of bed, in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noisy rustics bellowing green pease under my window.

ADULTERATED FOOD

THE bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone-ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread because it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a misjudging eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poison them and their families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated

bleedings, and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and savour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricasee of kid-skin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn. . . . I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties, with that table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous; much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowy rancid mass called butter, manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen stuff; and their fresh eggs, imported from France and Scotland.

ROBERT BURNS

(1759–1796)

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER

Burns' note on "Holy Willie's Prayer," a satire on election and other Calvinist doctrines, is a translation into invective of the irony of the "Prayer." "Holy Willie," the note runs, "was a rather oldish bachelor elder, in the parish of Mauchline, and much and justly famed for that polemical chattering which ends in tippling orthodoxy, and for that spiritualised bawdry which refines to liquorish devotion."

The "Prayer" itself concludes with the following invective, launched by Holy Willie at Gavin Hamilton and the Presbytery of Ayr, for reasons which Burns gives in his note—"In a sessional process with a gentleman of Mauchline—a Mr. Gavin Hamilton—Holy Willie and his priest, Father Auld, after full hearing in the Presbytery of Ayr, came off but second

best; owing partly to the oratorical powers of Mr. Robert Aiken, Mr. Hamilton's counsel, but chiefly to Mr. Hamilton's being one of the most irreproachable and truly respectable characters in the country. On losing his process, the Muse overheard him at his devotions, as follows—

. . . Lord mind Gau'n Hamilton's deserts;
He drinks, and swears, and plays at cartes,
Yet has sae monie takin arts
Wi' great an' sma',
Frae God's ain Priest the people's hearts
He steals awa.

And when we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,[1]
And set the warld in a roar
O' laughin at us:
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and pray'r
Against that Presbyt'ry of Ayr!
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
Upo' their heads!
Lord, visit them, an' dinna spare,
For their misdeeds!

O Lord, my God! that glib-tongu'd Aiken,
My vera heart and flesh are quakin
To think how we stood sweatin, shakin,
An' pished wi' dread,
While he, wi' hingin lip an snakin,[2]
Held up his head.

[1] Row. [2] Sneering.

Lord, in Thy day o' vengeance try him!
Lord, visit them wha did employ him!
And pass not in Thy mercy by them,
Nor hear their pray'r,
But for Thy people's sake destroy them,
An' dinna spare!
But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temporal and divine,
That I for grace and gear may shine,
Excell'd by nane!
And a' the glory shall be Thine,
Amen! Amen!

EDWARD GIBBON
(1737–1794)

Both for prudential and artistic reasons Gibbon, in his History, expressed his aversion from Christianity in an equivocal and ironical style. In the passage quoted below, from an abstract of the history of the world, compiled in his twenties, he gives the raw material of his anti-Christian or, at any rate, anti-Catholic attitude. After the Catholic system, though at a great distance, his chief aversion was Oxford, which he treats with an unqualified contempt that is said to have, at the present day, a merely historical significance.

Hannah More's outburst on Gibbon's death is representative of the strong Evangelical piety which was as characteristic of eighteenth-century England, especially in its last half, as the scepticism of Chesterfield and Gibbon.

OXFORD AND THE FELLOWS OF MAGDALEN

TO the university of Oxford *I* acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a

son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College; they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life: the reader will pronounce between the school and the scholar; but I cannot affect to believe that nature had disqualified me for all literary pursuits. . . . The fellows or monks of my time were decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of their founder; their days were filled by a series of uniform employments; the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room, till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading, or thinking, or writing, they had absolved their conscience; and the first shoots of learning and ingenuity withered on the ground, without yielding any fruits to the owners or the public. As a gentleman commoner, I was admitted to the society of the fellows, and fondly expected that some questions of literature would be the amusing and instructive topics of their discourse. Their conversation stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal: their dull and deep potations excused the brisk intemperance of youth; and their constitutional toasts were not expressive of the most lively loyalty for the house of Hanover.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF MEDIÆVAL CHRISTENDOM

(*From Gibbon's Outlines of the History of the World—compiled between* 1758 *and* 1763)

THE numerous vermin of mendicant friars, Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustins, Carmelites, who swarmed in this century (the thirteenth), with habits

and institutions variously ridiculous, disgraced religion, learning, and common sense. They seized on scholastic philosophy as a science peculiarly suited to their minds; and, excepting only Friar Bacon, they all preferred words to things. The subtle, the profound, the irrefragable, the angelic, and the seraphic Doctor acquired those pompous titles by filling ponderous volumes with a small number of technical terms, and a much smaller number of ideas. Universities arose in every part of Europe, and thousands of students employed their lives upon these grave follies.

HANNAH MORE ON GIBBON'S DEATH

JANUARY 19, 1794.—Heard of the death of Mr. Gibbon, the calumniator of the despised Nazarene, the derider of Christianity. Awful dispensation! He too was my acquaintance. Lord, I bless thee, considering how much infidel acquaintance I have had, that my soul never came into their secret! How many souls have his writings polluted! Lord preserve others from their contagion!

THOMAS GRAY

(1716–1771)

Henry Fox, first Baron Holland, a brilliant political adventurer, was so entirely venal and unscrupulous as to stir even Chesterfield to a moral reproof: "He had not," Chesterfield wrote, "the least notion of, or regard for, the public good or the constitution, but despised those cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of interested ones."

Fox is said to have retired from public life with a quarter of a million pounds. He tried several times to obtain an earldom, but the feeling against him among his colleagues, who were not yet in a position to retire into private life, was too strong, and he had to rest content with his barony. During his last years he divided his time between the Continent and the imitation of Tully's Formian Villa, which he had built at Kingsgate.

Gray's picturesque invective did not derive from any personal feeling, but is merely a very good example of the kind of exercise on a political theme which appealed to eighteenth-century taste.

IMPROMPTU ON LORD HOLLAND'S SEAT AT KINGSGATE

OLD, and abandoned by each venal friend,
Here Holland formed the pious resolution
To smuggle a few years, and strive to mend
A broken character and constitution.

On this congenial spot he fixed his choice;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwrecked, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North, and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

" Ah! " said the sighing peer, " had Bute been true,
Nor Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's friendship vain,
Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
And realized the beauties which we feign:

Purged by the sword, and purified by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls;
Owls would have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and littered in St. Paul's."

THE LETTERS OF JUNIUS
(1769–1772)

The letters of Junius, seventy in number, appeared in "The Public Advertiser," the most popular newspaper of the day, during a period of great political excitement, centring in foreign politics round the beginning of the struggle with the American colonies, and in home politics round the fight between Wilkes and the House of Commons.

The anonymity of Junius was strictly preserved, and the question of the authorship is still unsolved, though the weight of evidence is in favour of Sir Philip Francis, later the most inveterate of Warren Hastings' enemies.

The invective of Junius has the artificial air which is usually present in political invective, and is interesting nowadays chiefly as illustrating the extreme licence of personal abuse permitted in the eighteenth century. It is, fortunately no doubt, impossible to imagine a modern newspaper printing anything similar to the second of the extracts given below, in connection with some big public figure, say, Lord Passfield, or Lord Birkenhead.

Junius' accusation against the Duke of Grafton, that he took Miss Nancy Parsons to the Opera, was accurate. His easy morality is also stigmatised by Horace Walpole, who said that Grafton thought "the world should be postponed to a whore and a horse race." In later life the Duke worshipped for many years at a unitarian chapel, and published, among other pamphlets, "Hints submitted to the serious attention of the Clergy, Nobility, and Gentry, by a Layman," a plea for greater propriety of life among the upper classes, and a stricter attention to public worship.

FROM A LETTER TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON

(*May* 30, 1769)

. . . LET me be permitted to consider your character and conduct merely as a subject of curious speculation.—There is something in both, which distinguishes you not only from all other ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may so call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never once have betrayed you into a wise or honourable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition.

. . . The character of the reputed ancestors of some men, has made it possible for their descendants

to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity, and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you.[1] You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century, we see their different characters happily revived, and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion, and, for aught I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.

GRAFTON'S PRIVATE LIFE

(*June* 22, 1769)

IF vice itself could be excused, there is yet a certain display of it, a certain outrage to decency, and violation of public decorum, which, for the benefit of society, should never be forgiven. It is not that he kept a mistress at home, but that he constantly attended her abroad. It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult of which I complain. The name

[1] The first Duke of Grafton was an illegitimate son of Charles II.

of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known if the First Lord of the Treasury had not led her to triumph through the open House, even in the presence of the Queen. When we see a man act in this manner we may admit the shameless depravity of his heart, but what are we to think of his Understanding?

His Grace, it seems, is now to be a regular domestic man, and, as an omen of the future delicacy and correctness of his conduct, he marries a first cousin of the man, who had fixed that mark and title of infamy upon him, which, at the same moment, makes a husband unhappy and ridiculous. The ties of consanguinity may possibly preserve him from the same fate a second time, and as to the distress of meeting, I take for granted that the venerable Uncle of these common cousins has settled the Etiquette in such a manner, that, if a mistake should happen, it may reach no farther than from *Madame ma femme* to *Madame ma cousine.*

HENRY GRATTAN

(1746–1820)

Grattan's famous attack on Flood in the Irish House of Commons derived from a difference of opinion as to whether England, in addition to the repeal of the Acts on which the subordination of the Irish parliament had been based, should not be required expressly to renounce for the future all claim to control Irish legislation.

It will come as no surprise to the student of political invective to learn that Grattan always conserved a

high respect for Flood, and said of that bird of prey, with his evil aspect and sepulchral note, that he was the best-tempered and most sensible man in the world.

Flood, as far as I have been able to ascertain, never wore a beard, a point not without significance in connection with Grattan's peroration.

GRATTAN'S PHILIPPIC AGAINST FLOOD

(*October* 28, 1783)

. . . THUS defective in every relationship, whether to constitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honour on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say: Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible; you began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue: after a rank and clamorous opposition you became on a sudden *silent*; you were silent for seven years: you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! In 1773, while a negociation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament, you forsook your law of Poynings, you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation; you were not at that period to be found in the House; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish; you were descried with a

criminal anxiety, retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honour—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition: the former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before Parliament; the embargo of 1776, for instance. " O fatal embargo, that breach of law and ruin of commerce! " You supported the unparallelled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address to send 4,000 men, whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend;—you, Sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America;—you, Sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden, for his anti-American principles;—you, Sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden; you, Sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America;—and you, Sir, voted 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty*; but you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning), that the King had only dishonoured you; the Court had bought, but would not trust you; and having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary*, without the confidence of Government. Mortified at the dis-

covery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the Government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual meeting bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament that the declaration of right should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your Sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the people: until at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers, and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the Country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is, that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is, an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland, by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim! The merchant may say to you—the constitutionalist may say to you—the American may say to you—and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

WARREN HASTINGS (1732–1818)

EDMUND BURKE (1729–1797)

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751–1816)

The issues raised by Edmund Burke's year-long campaign against Warren Hastings are far too complex to be even referred to here. It will be sufficient to draw attention to the difference between Burke's passionate sincerity and Sheridan's mellifluous fustian. In the course of his indictment of the cruelties practised by Debi Sing on the natives of Bengal, Burke had a seizure, and was compelled to break off for the day. Struck by the effectiveness of this incident, Sheridan, at the close of his speech, sank back into Burke's arms, overcome by Warren Hastings' corruption of the filial sentiment in the Nawab of Oude. In actual fact, the worst that can be urged against Hastings in this connection is that he improved the Nawab's already effective technique for extracting money out of his mother.

Burke's letter to Dr. Lawrence on the acquittal of Warren Hastings is the final proof that, unlike almost all other politicians, Burke felt public questions as passionately as other men feel their private joys or reverses.

EDMUND BURKE'S PERORATION

(*February* 19, 1788)

THEREFORE I charge Mr. Hastings with having destroyed, for private purposes, the whole system of government by the six provincial Councils, which he had no right to destroy.

I charge him with having delegated away from

himself that power which the Act of Parliament had directed him to preserve inalienably in himself.

I charge him with having formed a Committee to be mere instruments and tools, at the enormous expense of £62,000 per annum.

I charge him with having appointed a person their diwan, to whom these Englishmen were to be subservient tools; whose name was—to his own knowledge, by the general voice of the Company, by the recorded official transactions, by everything that can make a man known—abhorred and detested, stamped with infamy; and I charge him with giving him the whole power which he had thus separated from the Council General and from the provincial Councils.

I charge him with taking bribes of Gunga Govind Sing.

I charge him with not having done that bribe-service which fidelity, even in iniquity, requires at the hands of the worst of men.

I charge him with having robbed those persons of whom he took the bribes.

I charge him with having fraudulently alienated the fortunes of widows.

I charge him with having, without right, title or purchase, taken the lands of orphans and given them to wicked persons under him.

I charge him with having removed the natural guardians of a minor Raja, and given his zamindary to that wicked person, Deby Sing.

I charge him—his wickedness being known to himself and all the world—with having committed to Deby Sing the management of three great provinces; and with having thereby wasted the country, destroyed the landed interest, cruelly harassed the

peasants, burnt their houses, seized their crops, tortured and degraded their persons, and destroyed the honour of the whole female race of that country.

In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings in this last moment of my application to you.

My Lords, what is that we want here to a great act of national justice? Do we want a cause, my Lords? You have the cause of oppressed princes, of undone women of the first rank, of desolated provinces and of wasted kingdoms.

Do you want a criminal, my Lords? When was there so much iniquity ever laid to the charge of any one? No, my Lords, you must not look to punish any delinquent in India more. Warren Hastings has not left substance enough in India to nourish such another delinquent.

My Lords, is it a prosecutor that you want? You have before you the Commons of Great Britain as prosecutors; and I believe, my Lords, that the sun, in his beneficent progress round the world, does not behold a more glorious sight than that of men, separated from a remote people by the material bounds and barriers of nature, united by the bond of a social and moral community;—all the Commons of England resenting as their own the indignities and cruelties that are offered to all the people of India.

. . . Therefore it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons,

I impeach Warren Hastings, Esquire, of high crimes and misdemeanours.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose parliamentary trust he has betrayed.

I impeach him in the name of all the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonoured.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights and liberties, he has subverted, whose properties he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name and by virtue of those eternal laws of justice which he has violated.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes, in every age, rank, situation and condition of life.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan on the Nawab of Oude's breach of filial duty towards the Begum at the instigation of Warren Hastings

(*June* 13, 1788)

GOOD God! my Lords, what a cause is this we are maintaining! What! when I feel it a part of my duty, as it were, when I feel it an instruction in my brief to support the claim of age to reverence, of maternal feebleness to filial protection and support, can I recollect where I stand? Can I recollect before whom I am pleading? I look round on this various assembly that surrounds me, seeing in every countenance a breathing testimony to this general principle, and yet for a moment think it necessary to enforce the bitter aggravation which attends the crimes of those who violate this universal duty. Yet, my Lords, such is the nature of the charge which we maintain—such the monstrous

nature of the guilt which we arraign—and such the more monstrous nature of the defence opposed to that guilt—that when I see in many of these letters the infirmities of age made a subject of mockery and ridicule—when I see the feelings of a son, treated by Mr. Middleton as puerile (as he calls them) and contemptible—when I see an order given from Mr. Hastings to harden that son's heart, to choke the struggling nature in his bosom—when I see them pointing to the son's name and to his standard, when they march to oppress the mother, as to a banner that gives dignity, that gives an holy sanction and a reverence, to their enterprise—when I see and hear these things done—when I hear them brought into three deliberate Defences offered to the charges of the Commons—my Lords, I own I grow puzzled and confounded, and almost doubt whether where such a defence can be offered it may not be tolerated.

And yet, my Lords, how can I support the claim of filial love by argument, much less the affection of a son to a mother, where love loses its awe, and veneration is mixed with tenderness? What can I say upon such a subject? What can I do but repeat the ready truths which with the quick impulse of the mind must spring to the lips of every man upon such a theme? Filial love—the morality, the instinct, the sacrament of nature—a duty; or rather let me say it is miscalled a duty, for it flows from the heart without effort—its delight—its indulgence—its enjoyment. It is guided not by the slow dictates of reason; it awaits not encouragement from reflection or from thought; it asks no aid of memory; it is an innate but active consciousness of having been the object of a thousand tender solicitudes, a thousand waking watchful cares,

of meek anxiety and patient sacrifices, unremarked and unrequited by the object. . . .

If these are the general sentiments of man, what must be their depravity, what must be their degeneracy, who can blot out and erase from the bosom the virtue that is deepest rooted in the human heart, and twined within the cords of life itself—aliens from nature—apostates from humanity! And yet, if there is a crime more fell—more foul—if there is anything worse than a wilful persecutor of his mother—it is to see a deliberate, reasoning, instigator and abetter to the deed. This is a thing that shocks, disgusts and appals, the mind more than the other. To view—not a wilful parricide—to see a parricide by compulsion—a miserable wretch not actuated by the stubborn evils of his own heart—not driven by the fury of his own distracted brain—but lending his sacrilegious hand, without malice of his own, to answer the abandoned purposes of the human fiends that have subdued his will. To condemn crimes like these we need not talk of laws or of human rules. Their foulness—their deformity—does not depend upon local constitutions, upon human institutes or religious creeds. They are crimes; and the persons who perpetrate them are masters who violate the primitive condition upon which the earth was given to man. They are guilty by the general verdict of human kind.

FROM WARREN HASTINGS' REPLY

(*June* 2, 1791)

ONE word more, my Lords, and I have done. It has been the fashion in the course of this trial, sometimes to represent the natives of India as the most virtuous,

and, sometimes, as the most profligate of mankind. I attest their virtue, and offer this unanswerable proof of it. When I was arraigned before your Lordships in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, for sacrificing their honour by acts of injustice, oppression, cruelty and rapacity, committed upon the princes, nobles and commonalty, of Hindustan, the natives of India, of all ranks, came forward unsolicited to clear my reputation from the obloquy with which it was loaded. They manifested a generosity of which we have no example in the European world. Their conduct was the effect of their sense of gratitude for the benefits they had received during my administration. My Lords, I wish I had received the same justice from my country!

EDMUND BURKE ON THE ACQUITTAL OF WARREN HASTINGS AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

(*April* 23, 1795)

(*From a letter, July* 20, 1796, *written shortly before his death to his friend Dr. French Lawrence, who had acted as one of the two assisting Counsel for the Managers during the trial*)

AS it is possible that my stay on this side of the grave may be yet shorter than I compute it, let me now beg you to call to your recollection the solemn charge and trust I gave you, on my departure from the public stage. . . . Let not this cruel, daring, unexampled, act of public corruption, guilt and meanness, go down to posterity, perhaps as careless as the present race, without its due animadversion, which will be best found in its own acts and monuments. Let my endeavours to save the nation from that shame and guilt

be my monument; the only one I will ever have. Let everything I have done, said or written, be forgotten, but this. I have struggled with the great and the little on this point, during the greater part of my active life; and I wish, after death, to have my defiance [recorded] of the judgments of those who consider the dominion of the glorious empire given by an incomprehensible dispensation of the Divine Providence into our hands as nothing more than an opportunity of gratifying, for the lowest of their purposes, the lowest of their passions—and that for such poor rewards, and, for the most part, indirect and silly bribes, as indicate even more the folly than the corruption of these infamous and contemptible wretches.

I blame myself exceedingly for not having employed the last year in this work, and beg forgiveness of God for such a neglect. I had strength enough for it, if I had not wasted some of it in compromising grief with drowsiness and forgetfulness, and employing some of the moments in which I have been roused to mental exertion in feeble endeavours to rescue this dull and thoughtless people from the punishments which their neglect and stupidity will bring upon them, for their systematic iniquity and oppression. But you are made to continue all that is good of me, and to augment it with the various resources of a mind fertile in virtues, and cultivated with every sort of talent and of knowledge. Above all, make out the cruelty of this pretended acquittal, but in reality this barbarous and inhuman condemnation of whole tribes and nations, and of all the classes they contain. If ever Europe recovers its civilization that work will be useful. Remember! Remember! Remember!

WILLIAM COWPER

(1731–1800)

Cowper, in a letter about "Tirocinium," wrote: "Public schools . . . are becoming a nuisance, a pest, an abomination; and it is fit that the eyes and noses of mankind should, if possible, be open to perceive it."

Although Cowper was exceptionally unhappy at Westminster, his view of public schools is not much more severe than that of other eighteenth- or early nineteenth-century writers, from Fielding through Gibbon to Charles Lamb. The cult of the public schools, and the curious sentiment now attached to them, are fruits of the complicated emotionalism of the mid-Victorian epoch.

FROM TIROCINIUM OR A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS BY WILLIAM COWPER

WOULD you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time, the stripling's finished taste
For loose expense and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin and his own at last,
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness, men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old
That authors are most useful, pawned or sold;
That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart and have his drunken praise,
His counsellor and bosom-friend shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.

WILLIAM BLAKE
(1757–1827)

Blake, who wrote:

"And throughout all Eternity
I forgive you, you forgive me"

possessed in full measure the irascibility which, as the later examples of Tolstoi and Dostoieffsky show, seems to be the chief penalty attached to preaching the gospel of love. In Blake, however, this exasperation was childlike and unsophisticated, like his greatest poetry, and in its expression either entirely successful, as in the epigram on the dishonest publisher, Cromek, or purely insane, as in the indictment of the mild and gentlemanly Hayley as a foiled adulterer and assassin.

BLAKE'S CONTEMPORARIES

HAYLEY

THY friendship oft has made my heart to ache:—
Do be my enemy, for friendship's sake.

HAYLEY

TO forgive enemies H —— does pretend
Who never in his life forgave a friend,
And when he could not act upon my wife
Hired a villain to bereave my life.

. . CROMEK

A PETTY sneaking knave I knew . . .
Oh, Mr. Cromek, how do ye do?

TO ENGLISH CONNOISSEURS

YOU must agree that Rubens was a fool,
And yet you make him master of your school,

And give more money for his slobberings
Than you will give for Raphael's finest things.
I understood Christ was a carpenter,
And not a brewer's servant, my good sir.

STOTHARD

S——, in childhood, on the nursery floor,
Was extreme old and most extremely poor:
He has grown old, and rich, and what he will;
He is extreme old, and extreme poor still.

STOTHARD

YOU say reserve and modesty he has,
Whose heart is iron, his head wood, and his face brass.
The fox, the owl, the spider, and the bat,
By sweet reserve and modesty grow fat.

LORD BYRON
(1788–1824)

Byron's reputation as a great poet has long since vanished. His reputation as a satirist still remains, in deference to which extracts from "Don Juan" and "The Vision of Judgment" are given below.

Byron believed that Southey had spread scandal about him and Shelley. He was also opposed to Southey as a renegade republican, and expressed his contempt in the verse dedication to "Don Juan." Southey replied by a dissertation on the Satanic School of poetry, aimed at Byron; and Byron countered in "The Vision of Judgment."

LORD BYRON

After one has read half-a-dozen of Byron's satirical stanzas, one begins to understand his exaggerated admiration of Pope.

A HOUSE-PARTY

THERE was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate: when invited elsewhere truly
He shows more appetite for words than war.
There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
Come out and glimmer'd as a six weeks' star.
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great freethinker;
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—duke,
" Ay, every inch a " duke; there were twelve peers
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look
And intellect that neither eyes nor ears
For commoners had ever them mistook.
There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set
Less on a convent than a coronet.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
Honour was more before their names than after;
There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
Whom France and Fortune lately deigned to waft here,
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
Because—such was his magic power to please—
The dice seem'd charm'd, too, with his repartees.

There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysician,
Who loved philosophy and a good dinner,
Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.
There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,
Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner:
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

There was Jack Jargon the gigantic guardsman;
And General Fireface, famous in the field,
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
There was the waggish Welsh Judge, Jefferies Hardsman,
In his grave office so completely skill'd,
That when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his judge's joke for consolation.

(*Don Juan*, Canto XIII.)

SATAN ON GEORGE III

'Tis true he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd with the slain.

He ever warr'd with freedom and the free:
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,

So that they utter'd the word "Liberty!"
Found George the Third their first oppressor. Whose
History was ever stain'd as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence; I grant
His neutral virtues which most monarchs want.

I know he was a constant consort; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

The New World shook him off; the Old yet groans
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed: he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him—his tame virtues; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be retaught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth; but let them quake!

(*The Vision of Judgment.*)

SOUTHEY

HE had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings whatever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever;
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud, a scheme less moral than t'was clever;

Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd his skin.

He had sung against all battles, and again
In their high praise and glory; he had call'd
Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then
Become as base a critic as e'er crawled—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been maul'd:
He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.
(*The Vision of Judgment.*)

ROBERT SOUTHEY
(1774–1843)

FROM "ODE, WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOCIATIONS WITH BUONAPARTE, IN JANUARY, 1814"

. . . BUT Evil was his good,
For all too long in blood had he been nurst,
And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant curst.
Bold man and bad,
Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
And black with murders and with perjuries,
Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad;
No law but his own headstrong will he knew,
No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
From evil thus portentous strength he drew,
And trampled under foot all human ties,
All holy laws, all natural charities.

O France! beneath this fierce Barbarian's sway
Disgraced thou art to all succeeding times;
Rapine, and blood, and fire have mark'd thy way,
All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.
A curse is on thee, France! from far and wide
It hath gone up to Heaven; all lands have cried
For vengeance upon thy detested head;
All nations curse thee, France! for wheresoe'er
In peace or war thy banner hath been spread,
All forms of human woe have follow'd there:
The Living and the Dead
Cry out alike against thee! They who bear,
Crunching beneath its weight, thine iron yoke,
Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
The voice of that innumerable throng
Whose slaughtered spirits day and night invoke
The everlasting Judge of right and wrong,
How long, O Lord! Holy and Just, how long! . . .

One man hath been for ten long wretched years
The cause of all this blood and all these tears;
One man in this most awful point of time
Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy crime.
Wait not too long the event,
For now whole Europe comes against thee bent;
His wiles and their own strength the nations know;
Wise from past wrongs, on future peace intent,
The People and the Princes, with one mind,
From all parts move against the general foe:
One act of justice, one atoning blow,
One execrable head laid low,
Even yet, O France, averts thy punishment:
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

France! if thou lov'st thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame!
By the bones that bleach on Jaffa's beach;
By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with gore;
By the flesh that gorged the wolves of Spain,
Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Muscovy;
By the bodies that lie all open to the sky,
Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the Tyrant's flight;
By the widow's and the orphan's cry,
By the childless parent's misery,
By the lives which he hath shed,
By the ruin he hath spread,
By the prayers that rise for curses on his head,
Redeem, O France! thine ancient fame,
Revenge thy sufferings and thy shame;
Open thine eyes! . . . too long hast thou been blind;
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

By those horrors which the night
Witness'd, when the torches' light
To the assembled murderers show'd
Where the blood of Condé flowed;
By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame;
By murder'd Wright, . . . an English name;
By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom;
By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom;
Oh! by the virtuous blood thus vilely spilt,
The Villain's own peculiar private guilt,
Open thine eyes! too long hast thou been blind!
Take vengeance for thyself, and for mankind!

JOHN KEATS

(1795–1821)

The review of "Endymion," quoted from below, appeared in "Blackwood's" in 1818. Lockhart is supposed to have written it, with some help from Christopher North. Keats was attacked also in the "Quarterly" by Croker, but in far less offensive terms. After Keats' death in 1821, Shelley wrote "Adonais," to commemorate Keats' genius and misfortunes, the least of which was his treatment by the reviewers, and the greatest, of which Shelley knew nothing, his unsatisfied passion for Fanny Brawne. Like Byron, who passed some characteristic remarks on the contrast between Keats' feebleness and his own heroic resistance to insult, Shelley believed that Keats' death had been chiefly brought about by the reviewers, and in this belief wrote the preface to "Adonais" and the stanzas given below. At this date Shelley had not seen the "Blackwood" review, and the references in the preface are therefore to the "Quarterly." Lockhart and Wilson felt, however, that they had been obliquely reflected upon, and retorted both in prose, and in a parody of "Adonais," beginning—

Weep for my Tomcat! all ye Tabbies weep,
For he is gone at last!

KEATS TO FANNY BRAWNE (1820)

I AM tormented day and night. They talk of my going to Italy. 'Tis certain I shall never recover if I am to be so separate from you: yet with all this devotion to you I cannot persuade myself into any confidence of you. Past experience connected with the fact of my long separation from you gives me agonies which are scarcely to be talked of. When your mother

comes I shall be very sudden and expert in asking her whether you have been to Mrs. Dilke's, for she might say no to make me easy. I am literally worn to death, which seems my only recourse. I cannot forget what has pass'd. What? nothing with a man of the world, but to me dreadful. . . . When you were in the habit of flirting with Brown you would have left off, could your own heart have felt one half of one pang mine did. Brown is a good sort of Man—he did not know he was doing me to death by inches. I feel the effect of every one of those hours in my side now; and for that cause, though he has done me many services, though I know his love and friendship for me, though at this moment I should be without peace were it not for his assistance, I will never see or speak to him until we are both old, if we are to be. . . . You will call this madness. I have heard you say that it was not unpleasant to wait a few years—you have amusements—your mind is away—you have not brooded over one idea as I have, and how should you? . . . Any party, anything to fill up the day has been enough. How have you pass'd this month? Who have you smil'd with? All this may seem savage to you. You do not feel as I do—you do not know what it is to love—one day you may—your time is not come. . . . I appeal to you by the blood of that Christ you believe in: Do not write to me if you have done anything this month which it would have pained me to have seen. You may have altered—if you have not—if you still behave in dancing rooms and other societies as I have seen you—I do not want to live—if you have done so, I wish this coming night may be my last. I cannot live without you, and not only you but *chaste you; virtuous you.*

FROM BLACKWOOD ON KEATS' "ENDYMION"

THE Phrenzy of the "Poems" was bad enough in its way; but it did not alarm us half so seriously as the calm, settled, imperturbable drivelling idiocy of "Endymion." . . . Mr. Hunt is a small poet, but he is a clever man. Mr. Keats is a still smaller poet, and he is only a boy of pretty abilities, which he has done everything in his power to spoil. . . . We venture to make one small prophecy, that his bookseller will not a second time venture £50 upon anything he can write. It is a better and a wiser thing to be a starved apothecary than a starved poet; so back to the shop, Mr. John, back to "plasters, pills, and ointment boxes," etc. But for Heaven's sake, young Sangrado, be a little more sparing of extenuatives and soporifics in your practice than you have been with your poetry.

"ADONAIS"

From the Preface.

IT may be well said that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows or one like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. . . . As to *Endymion,* was it a poem, whatever might be its defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated, with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, *Paris,* and *Woman,* and a *Syrian Tale,* and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men who in their venal good nature presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev.

Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! You, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

From "Adonais."

OUR Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape, the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

FROM BLACKWOOD ON "ADONAIS"

THE present story is thus: A Mr. John Keats, a young man who had left a decent calling for the melancholy

trade of Cockney-poetry, has lately died of a consumption, after having written two or three little books of verses, much neglected by the public. His vanity was probably wrung not less than his purse; for he had it upon the authority of the Cockney Homers and Virgils, that he might become a light to their region at a future time. But all this is not necessary to help a consumption to the death of a poor sedentary man, with an unhealthy aspect, and a mind harassed by the first troubles of versemaking. The New School, however, will have it that he was slaughtered by a criticism of the Quarterly Review —" O flesh, how art thou fishified! "—We are not now to defend a publication so well able to defend itself. But the fact is, that the Quarterly finding before it a work at once silly and presumptuous, full of the servile *slang* that Cockaigne dictates to its servitors, and the vulgar indecorums which that Grub Street Empire rejoiceth to applaud, told the truth of the volume, and recommended a change of manners and masters to the scribbler. Keats wrote on; but he wrote *indecently,* probably in the indulgence of his social propensities.

MRS. TROLLOPE
(1780–1863)

Frances Trollope, mother of Anthony Trollope, went with her husband to the United States, in 1829, *and opened a small fancy-goods shop in Cincinnati. After three years in the States, she returned to England, where she published her impressions of her trans-Atlantic visit. The changed attitude of the English writer of to-day, who is so fortunate as to visit the*

MRS. TROLLOPE

States, lends historic interest to the following brief and uncourtly quotation.

ON A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER

THE total want of all the usual courtesies of the table; the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured; the strange uncouth phrases and pronunciation; the loathsome spitting, from the contamination of which it was absolutely impossible to protect our dresses; the frightful manner of feeding with their knives, till the whole blade seemed to enter into the mouth; and the still more frightful manner of cleaning the teeth afterwards with a pocket-knife, soon forced us to feel that we were not surrounded by the generals, colonels, and majors of the Old World, and that the dinner-hour was to be anything rather than an hour of enjoyment.

(*Domestic Manners of the Americans.*)

DANIEL O'CONNELL
(1775–1847)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI
(1804–1881)

The extracts from O'Connell's invective against Disraeli, and from Disraeli's abuse of Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, and Hume, should be read in conjunction with Mr. Pott's article on Hole-and-Corner Buffery, and Sergeant Buzfuz's peroration against Pickwick. Dickens was a parliamentary reporter in his early youth, and a comparison between the invective actually uttered by O'Connell and Disraeli, and that in-

vented by Dickens shows that even Dickens could not caricature the contemporary rhetorician, of pen or tongue. It would require a very fine sense to distinguish between "You are now exhaling upon the constitution of your country all that long-hoarded venom and all those distempered humours" or "England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society a miscreant of his abominable, foul and atrocious nature" and "A reptile contemporary has recently sweltered forth his black venom. . . ."

DISRAELI'S CONTEMPORARIES

Palmerston.—You owe the Whigs great gratitude, my lord, and therefore, I think, you will betray them.

Your lordship is like a favourite footman on easy terms with his mistress. Your dexterity seems a happy compound of the smartness of an attorney's clerk and the intrigue of a Greek of the lower empire.

Lord John Russell.—If a traveller were informed that such a man was leader of the House of Commons he may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped an Insect.

You are now exhaling upon the constitution of your country all that long-hoarded venom and all those distempered humours that have for years accumulated in your petty heart and tainted the current of your mortified life.

To Mr. Joseph Hume.

1. (From a letter, June, 5, 1832, when Disraeli was contesting Wycombe as a Radical.)

Accept my sincere, my most cordial thanks. . . . Believe me, sir, that if it be my fortune to be returned in the present instance to a Reformed Parliament, I

shall remember with satisfaction that that return is mainly attributed to the interest expressed in my success by one of the most distinguished and able of our citizens.

2. (From a letter, January 12, 1836, after Disraeli had left the Radicals.)

You are a man who, having scraped together a fortune by jobbing in Government Contracts in a colony, and entering the House of Commons as the Tory representative of a close corporation, became the apostle of economy and unrestricted suffrage; and you close a career, commenced and matured in corruption, by spouting Sedition in Middlesex and counselling rebellion in Canada.

Gladstone.—A sophistical rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and gifted with an egotistical imagination that can at all times command an interminable and inconsistent series of arguments to malign an opponent and glorify himself.

O'CONNELL ON DISRAELI

(*From a speech in* 1835 *at a meeting of Trades Unions in Dublin*)

I MUST confess there is one of the late attacks on me which excited in my mind a great deal of astonishment. (Hear, hear.) It is this: the attack made at Taunton by Mr. D'Israeli. In the annals of political turpitude there is not anything deserving the appellation of blackguardism to equal that attack on me. What is my acquaintance with this man? Just this: In 1831, or the beginning of 1832, the borough of Wycombe became vacant. He got an introduction to

me, and wrote me a letter stating that I was a Radical Reformer, and as he was also a Radical (laughter), and was going to stand upon the Radical interest for the borough of Wycombe, where he said there were many persons of that way of thinking who would be influenced by my opinion, he would feel obliged by receiving a letter from me recommendatory of him as a Radical. His letter to me was so distinct upon the subject that I immediately complied with the request, and composed as good a letter as I could in his behalf. Mr. D'Israeli thought this letter so valuable that he not only took the autograph, but had it printed and placarded. It was, in fact, the ground upon which he canvassed the borough. He was, however, defeated, but that was not my fault. (Laughter.) I did not demand gratitude from him, but I think if he had any feeling he would conceive I had done him a civility at least, if not a service, which ought not to be repaid by atrocity of the foulest description. (Cheers.) The next thing I heard of him was that he had started upon the Radical interest for Marylebone, but was again defeated. Having been twice defeated in the Radical interest, he was just the fellow for the Conservatives (laughter), and accordingly he joined a Conservative club and started for two or three places in the Conservative interest. (Loud laughter.) At Taunton, this miscreant had the audacity to call me an incendiary! Why, I was a greater incendiary in 1831 than I am at present—if I ever were one (laughter),—and, if I am, he is doubly so for having employed me (Cheers and laughter). Then he calls me a traitor. My answer to that is, he is a liar (Cheers). He is a liar in action and in words. His life is a living lie. He is a disgrace to his species.

What state of society must that be that could tolerate such a creature—having the audacity to come forward with one set of principles at one time, and obtain political assistance by reason of those principles, and at another to profess diametrically the reverse? His life, I say again, is a living lie. He is the most degraded of his species and kind; and England is degraded in tolerating or having upon the face of her society a miscreant of his abominable, foul and atrocious nature (Cheers). If there be harsher terms in the British language I should use them, because it is the harshest of all terms that would be descriptive of a wretch of his species (Cheers and laughter). His name shows he is by descent a Jew. His father became a convert. He is the better for that in this world, and I hope he will be the better for it in the next. I have the happiness of being acquainted with some Jewish families in London, and among them more accomplished ladies, or more humane, cordial, high-minded, or better-educated gentlemen I have never met (Hear, hear). It will not be supposed therefore that when I speak of D'Israeli as the descendant of a Jew, that I mean to tarnish him on that account. They were once the chosen people of God. There were miscreants amongst them however, also, and it must certainly have been from one of these that D'Israeli descended (Roars of laughter). He possesses just the qualities of the impenitent thief who died upon the Cross, whose name, I verily believe, must have been D'Israeli (Roars of laughter). For aught I know, the present D'Israeli is descended from him, and, with the impression that he is, I now forgive the heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the Cross (Loud cheers and roars of laughter).

LORD MACAULAY

(1800–1859)

Macaulay's speech on the Maynooth College Bill, containing the famous "Exeter Hall sets up its bray," is an excellent example of parliamentary invective of the less fantastic kind. It seems to have had some relation to reality, for Macaulay tells in a letter how poor Peel turned pale at the words, "There you sit, doing penance for the disingenuousness of years."

The little-known diatribe against Barère, one of Macaulay's longest essays, is the most sustained piece of invective in the English language. It seems only fair to Barère to quote from the English translator of his Memoirs, Mr. de Payen-Payne who, writing in 1896, called Barère "a man of undoubted courage, rigid incorruptibility, and unselfish devotion to the great idea of the French Revolution."

MACAULAY ON SIR ROBERT PEEL

(*From a speech on the Maynooth College Bill, delivered in the House of Commons on April 14, 1845.*)

THERE is too much ground for the reproaches of those who, having, in spite of a bitter experience, a second time trusted him, now find themselves a second time deluded. I cannot but see that it has been too much his practice, when in opposition, to make use of passions with which he has not the slightest sympathy, and of prejudices which he regards with profound contempt. As soon as he is in power a change takes place. The instruments which have done his work are flung aside. The ladder by which he has climbed is kicked down. . . . Can we wonder that the eager, honest, hot-headed Protestants, who raised you to power in the confident hope that you

would curtail the privileges of the Roman Catholics, should stare and grumble when you propose to give public money to the Roman Catholics? Can we wonder that, from one end of the country to the other, everything should be ferment and uproar, that petitions should, night after night, whiten all our benches like a snow storm. Can we wonder that the people out of doors should be exasperated by seeing the very men who, when we were in office, voted against the old grant to Maynooth, now pushed and pulled into the House by your whippers-in to vote for an increased grant? The natural consequences follow. All those fierce spirits, whom you halloed on to harass us, now turn round and begin to worry you. The Orangeman raises his war-whoop: Exeter Hall sets up its bray: Mr. McNeile shudders to see more costly cheer than ever provided for the priests of Baal at the table of the Queen; and the Protestant Operatives of Dublin call for impeachments in exceedingly bad English. But what did you expect? Did you think, when, to serve your turn, you called the Devil up, that it was as easy to lay him as to raise him? Did you think, when you went on, session after session, thwarting and reviling those whom you knew to be in the right, and flattering all the worst passions of those whom you knew to be in the wrong, that the day of reckoning would never come? It has come. There you sit, doing penance for the disingenuousness of years. If it be not so, stand up manfully, and clear your fame before the House and the country. . . . Give us some reason which shall prove that the policy which you are following, as ministers, is entitled to support, and which shall not equally prove

you to have been the most factious and unprincipled opposition that ever this country saw.

BARÈRE

(*From a review by Macaulay of Mémoires de Bertrand Barère; publiés par MM. Hippolyte Carnot et David d'Angers.* 1843.)

Barère introduced

. . . OUR opinion then is this: that Barère approached nearer than any person mentioned in history or fiction, whether man or devil, to the idea of consummate and universal depravity. In him the qualities which are the proper objects of hatred, and the qualities which are the proper objects of contempt, preserve an exquisite and absolute harmony. In almost every particular sort of wickedness he has had rivals. His sensuality was immoderate; but this was a failing common to him with many great and amiable men. There have been many men as cowardly as he, some as cruel, a few as mean, a few as impudent. There may also have been as great liars, though we never met with them or read of them. But when we put everything together, sensuality, poltroonery, baseness, effrontery, mendacity, barbarity, the result is something which in a novel we should condemn as caricature, and to which, we venture to say, no parallel can be found in history.

Barère as liar

. . . A MAN who has never been within the tropics does not know what a thunderstorm means; a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract; and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie.

Barère as voluptuary

. . . THAT in Barère, as in the whole breed of Neros, Caligulas, and Domitians whom he resembled, voluptuousness was mingled with cruelty; that he withdrew, twice in every decade (ten days), from the work of blood to the smiling gardens of Clichy, and there forgot public cares in the madness of wine and in the arms of courtesans, has often been repeated. M. Hippolyte Carnot does not altogether deny the truth of these stories, but justly observes that Barère's dissipation was not carried to such a point as to interfere with his industry. Nothing can be more true. Barère was by no means so much addicted to debauchery as to neglect the work of murder. It was his boast that, even during his hours of recreation, he cut out work for the Revolutionary Tribunal. To those who expressed a fear that his exertions would hurt his health, he gaily answered that he was less busy than they thought. " The guillotine," he said, " does all; the guillotine governs."

. . . A very few months had sufficed to bring this man into a state of mind in which images of despair, wailing, and death had an exhilarating effect on him, and inspired him as wine and love inspire men of free and joyous natures. The cart creaking under its daily freight of victims, ancient men and lads, and fair young girls, the binding of the hands, the thrusting of the head out of the little national sash-window, the crash of the axe, the pool of blood beneath the scaffold, the heads rolling by scores in the panier—these things were to him what Lalage and a cask of Falernian were to Horace, what Rosette and a bottle of iced champagne are to De Béranger.

Barère as informer

. . . TO this vocation, a vocation compared with which the life of a beggar, of a pickpocket, of a pimp, is honourable, did Barère now descend. It was his constant practice, as often as he enrolled himself in a new party, to pay his footing with the heads of old friends. He was at first a Royalist; and he made atonement by watering the tree of liberty with the blood of Louis. He was then a Girondist; and he made atonement by murdering Vergniaud and Gensonné. He fawned on Robespierre up to the eighth of Thermidor; and he made atonement by moving, on the ninth, that Robespierre should be beheaded without a trial. He was now enlisted in the service of the new monarchy; and he proceeded to atone for his republican heresies by sending republican throats to the guillotine.

Barère as Anglophobe

IGNORANT, however, as Barère was, he knew enough of us to hate us; and we persuade ourselves that, had he known us better, he would have hated us more. The nation which has combined, beyond all example and all hope, the blessings of liberty with those of order, might well be an object of aversion to one who had been false alike to the cause of order and to the cause of liberty. . . . We therefore like his invectives against us much better than anything else that he has written; and dwell on them, not merely with complacency, but with a feeling akin to gratitude. It was but little that he could do to promote the honour of our country; but that little he did strenuously and constantly. Renegade, traitor, slave, coward, liar, slanderer, murderer, hack writer,

police-spy—the one small service which he could render to England was to hate her: and such as he was may all who hate her be!

Barère dismissed

. . . SOMETHING more we had to say about him. But let him go. We did not seek him out, and will not keep him longer. . . . We have no pleasure in seeing human nature thus degraded. We turn with disgust from the filthy and spiteful Yahoos of the fiction; and the filthiest and most spiteful Yahoo of the fiction was a noble creature when compared with the Barère of history. But what is no pleasure M. Hippolyte Carnot has made a duty. . . . By attempting to enshrine this Jacobite carrion, he has forced us to gibbet it; and we venture to say that, from the eminence of infamy on which we have placed it, he will not easily take it down.

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812–1870)

The connection between the invective and abuse of the imaginary Mr. Pott and Serjeant Buzfuz, and the style of contemporary rhetoricians has been referred to above. Another parallel between fiction and real life may be found in Serjeant Buzfuz's emotional note—"It is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened"—and Sheridan's "Good God! my Lords, what a cause is this we are maintaining! . . ."

It is worth noting that, after gentle Shakespeare, the author of the "Christmas Carol" has the widest range of invective in English literature. The specimens given here include, in addition to Pott and

Buzfuz, and a not very happy example from Dickens himself as an art critic, the termagant landlady, Mrs. Raddle, and the foiling of Ralph Nickleby. The chief speciality of the Victorian age, especially in its middle period, was the angel-devil antithesis, the clash between unredeemed depravity and untainted innocence. Dickens was the greatest master in this department; but the most extraordinary single achievement in this vein is Julian Home's denunciation of his fellow-undergraduate, Hazlet, which is given here as a pendant to the rescue of Madeline Bray from the embraces of the senile Gride.

HOLE-AND-CORNER BUFFERY

(From an article by Mr. Pott, Editor of the "Eatanswill Gazette.")

A REPTILE contemporary has recently sweltered forth his black venom in the vain and hopeless attempt of sullying the fair fame of our distinguished and excellent representative, the Honourable Mr. Slumkey—that Slumkey whom we, long before he gained his present noble and exalted position, predicted would one day be, as he now is, at once his country's brightest honour, and her proudest boast: alike her bold defender and her honest pride—our reptile contemporary, we say, has made himself merry, at the expense of a superbly embossed plated coal-scuttle, which has been presented to that glorious man by his enraptured constituents, and towards the purchase of which, the nameless wretch insinuates, the Honourable Mr. Slumkey himself contributed, through a confidential friend of his butler's, more than three-fourths of the whole sum subscribed. Why, does not the crawling creature

see, that even if this be the fact, the Honourable Mr. Slumkey only appears in a still more amiable and radiant light than before, if that be possible? Does not even *his* obtuseness perceive that this amiable and touching desire to carry out the wishes of the constituent body, must for ever endear him to the hearts and souls of such of his fellow townsmen as are not worse than swine; or, in other words, who are not as debased as our contemporary himself? But such is the wretched trickery of hole-and-corner Buffery! These are not its only artifices. Treason is abroad. We boldly state, now that we are goaded to the disclosure, and we throw ourselves on the country and its constables for protection—we boldly state that secret preparations are at this moment in progress for a Buff ball; which is to be held in a Buff town, in the very heart and centre of a Buff population; which is to be conducted by a Buff master of the ceremonies; which is to be attended by four ultra Buff members of Parliament, and the admission to which is to be by Buff tickets! Does our fiendish contemporary wince? Let him writhe in impotent malice, as we pen the words, WE WILL BE THERE.

(*The Pickwick Papers.*)

SERJEANT BUZFUZ'S PERORATION

"BUT enough of this, gentlemen," said Serjeant Buzfuz, "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass

and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his "alley tors" and his "commoneys" are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of "knuckle down," and at tip-cheese, or odd and even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Tomata sauce and warming-pans —Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompence you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathising, a contemplative jury of her civilised countrymen.

(*The Pickwick Papers.*)

MRS. RADDLE

IT was at the end of the chorus to the first verse, that Mr. Pickwick held up his hand in a listening attitude, and said, as soon as silence was restored:

"Hush! I beg your pardon. I thought I heard somebody calling from up stairs."

A profound silence immediately ensued; and Mr. Bob Sawyer was observed to turn pale.

"I think I hear it now," said Mr. Pickwick. "Have the goodness to open the door."

The door was no sooner opened than all doubt on the subject was removed.

"Mr. Sawyer! Mr. Sawyer!" screamed a voice from the two-pair landing.

"It's my landlady," said Bob Sawyer, looking round him with great dismay. "Yes, Mrs. Raddle."

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Sawyer?" replied the voice, with great shrillness and rapidity of utterance. "Ain't it enough to be swindled out of one's rent, and money lent out of pocket besides, and abused and insulted by your friends that dares to call themselves men: without having the house turned out of window, and noise enough made to bring the fire-engines here, at two o'clock in the morning?—Turn them wretches away."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said the voice of Mr. Raddle, which appeared to proceed from beneath some distant bed-clothes.

"Ashamed of themselves!" said Mrs. Raddle. "Why don't you go down and knock 'em every one down stairs? You would if you was a man!"

"I should if I was a dozen men, my dear," replied Mr. Raddle pacifically, "but they've the advantage of me in numbers, my dear."

"Ugh, you coward!" replied Mrs. Raddle, with supreme contempt. "*Do* you mean to turn them wretches out, or not, Mr. Sawyer?"

"They're going, Mrs. Raddle, they're going," said the miserable Bob. "I am afraid you'd better go," said Bob Sawyer to his friends. "I *thought* you were making too much noise." . . .

"Shall I step up stairs, and pitch into the landlord?" inquired Hopkins, "or keep on ringing the

bell, or go and groan on the staircase? You may command me, Bob."

"I am very much indebted to you for your friendship and good nature, Hopkins," said the wretched Bob Sawyer, "but I think the best plan to avoid any further dispute is for us to break up at once."

"Now, Mr. Sawyer!" screamed the shrill voice of Mrs. Raddle, "*are* them brutes going?"

"They're only looking for their hats, Mrs. Raddle," said Bob; "they are going directly."

"Going!" said Mrs. Raddle, thrusting her night-cap over the banisters just as Mr. Pickwick, followed by Mr. Tupman, emerged from the sitting-room. "Going! What did they ever come for?"

"My dear ma'am," remonstrated Mr. Pickwick, looking up.

"Get along with you, you old wretch!" replied Mrs. Raddle, hastily withdrawing the night-cap. "Old enough to be his grandfather, you willin! You're worse than any of 'em."

Mr. Pickwick found it in vain to protest his innocence, so hurried down stairs into the street, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass."

(*The Pickwick Papers.*)

DICKENS ON MILLAIS "CHRIST IN THE HOUSE OF HIS PARENTS"

(*From "Household Words."*)

IN the foreground of the carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-haired boy in

a nightgown, who appears to have received a poke playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a monster in the vilest cabaret in France or the lowest gin-shop in England.

RALPH NICKLEBY FOILED

RALPH NICKLEBY and Gride, stunned and paralysed by the awful event which had so suddenly overthrown their schemes (it would not otherwise, perhaps, have made much impression on them), and carried away by the extraordinary energy and precipitation of Nicholas, which bore down all before him, looked on at these proceedings like men in a dream or trance. It was not until every preparation was made for Madeline's immediate removal that Ralph broke silence by declaring she should not be taken away.

"Who says so?" cried Nicholas, rising from his knee and confronting them, but still retaining Madeline's lifeless hand in his.

"I!" answered Ralph, hoarsely.

"Hush, hush!" cried the terrified Gride, catching him by the arm again. "Hear what he says."

"Aye!" said Nicholas, extending his disengaged hand in the air, "hear what he says. That both your debts are paid in the one great debt of nature. That the bond, due to-day at twelve, is now waste paper. That your contemplated fraud shall be discovered

yet. That your schemes are known to man, and overthrown by Heaven. Wretches, that he defies you both to do your worst! "

" This man," said Ralph, in a voice scarcely intelligible, " this man claims his wife, and he shall have her."

" That man claims what is not his, and he should not have her if he were fifty men, with fifty more to back him," said Nicholas.

" Who shall prevent him? "

" I will."

" By what right, I should like to know," said Ralph. " By what right, I ask? "

" By this right. That, knowing what I do, you dare not tempt me further," said Nicholas, " and by this better right; that those I serve, and with whom you would have done me base wrong and injury, are her nearest and her dearest friends. In their name I bear her hence. Give way! "

" One word! " cried Ralph, foaming at the mouth.

" Not one," replied Nicholas, " I will not hear of one—save this. Look to yourself, and heed this warning that I give you! Day is past in your case, and night is coming on."

" My curse, my bitter, deadly curse upon you, boy! "

" Whence will curses come at your command? Or what avails a curse or blessing from a man like you? I tell you, that misfortune and discovery are thickening about your head; that the structures you have raised, through all your ill-spent life, are crumbling into dust; that your path is beset with spies; that this very day, ten thousand pounds of your hoarded wealth have gone in one great crash! "

"T'is false!" cried Ralph, shrinking back.

"T'is true, and you shall find it so. I have no more words to waste. Stand from the door. Kate, do you go first. Lay not a hand on her, or on that woman, or on me, or so much as brush their garments as they pass you by!"

(*Nicholas Nickleby.*)

DEAN FARRAR

(1831–1903)

PLAIN-SPEAKING IN MID-VICTORIAN CAMBRIDGE

(*From "Julian Home." A Tale of College Life by Frederic W. Farrar.*)

"CERTAINLY," said Julian sternly, "the choice lies with yourself. Run, if you will, as a bird to the snare of the fowler, till a dart strike you through. But if you are dead and indifferent to your own miserable soul, think that in this sin you cannot sin alone; think that you are dragging down to the nethermost abyss others besides yourself. Remember the wretched victims of your infamous passions, and tremble while you desecrate and deface for ever God's image stamped on a fair human soul. Think of those whom your vileness dooms to a life of loathliness, a death of shame and anguish, perhaps an eternity of horrible despair. Learn something of the days they are forced to spend that they may pander to the worst instincts of your degraded nature; days of squalor and drunkenness, disease and dirt; gin at morning, noon, and night; eating infection, horrible madness, and sudden death at the

end. Can you ever hope for salvation and the light of God's presence while the cry of the souls of which you have been the *murderer*—yes, do not disguise it, the *murderer*, the cruel, willing, pitiless murderer—is ringing upwards from the depths of hell?"

"What do you mean by the murderer?" said Hazlet, with an attempt at misconception.

"I mean this, Hazlet; setting aside all considerations which affect your mere personal ruin—not mentioning the atrophy of spiritual life and the clinging sense of degradation which is involved in such a course as yours—I want you to see, if you will be honest, that the fault is yet more deadly, because you involve *other* souls and *other* lives in your own destruction. Is it not a reminiscence sufficient to kill any man's hope, that but for his own brutality some who are now perhaps rotting in the lazar house or raving in the asylum might have been clasping their own children to their happy breasts, and wearing in unpolluted innocence the rose of matronly honour? Oh, Hazlet, I have heard you talk about missionary societies, and seen your name in subscription-lists, but believe me you could not, by myriads of such conventional charities, cancel the direct and awful quota which you are now contributing to the aggregate of the world's misery and shame."

THOMAS CARLYLE

(1795–1881)

The extracts given below explain themselves. To correct the one-sided impression they leave of Carlyle, one must remember his affectionate

relations with Tennyson, Thackeray, FitzGerald, Dickens and Browning. There is, too, a sentence of his on charity which, at some distance, recalls Johnson's magnificent outburst: "Modern life," Carlyle said, "doing its charity by institutions is a sad hardener of our hearts. We should give for our own sakes. It is very low water with the wretched beings, one can easily see that!"

CARLYLE'S CONTEMPORARIES

Wordsworth.

ONE finds also a kind of *sincerity* in his speech. But for prolixity, thinness, endless dilution, it excels all the other speech I had heard from mortals. A genuine man, which is much, but also essentially a small genuine man. Nothing perhaps is sadder (of the glad kind) than the unbounded laudation of such a man, sad proof of the rarity of such. . . . The languid way in which he gives you a handful of numb unresponsive fingers is very significant.

Charles Lamb.

CHARLES LAMB I sincerely believe to be in some considerable degree insane. A more pitiful, ricketty, gasping, staggering, stammering Tomfool I do not know. He is witty by denying truisms and abjuring good manners. His speech wriggles hither and thither with an incessant painful fluctuation, not an opinion in it, or a fact, or a phrase that you can thank him for—more like a convulsion fit than a natural systole and diastole. Besides, he is now a confirmed, shameless drunkard; *asks* vehemently for gin and water in strangers' houses, tipples till he is utterly mad, and is only not thrown out of doors because he is too much

despised for taking such trouble with him. Poor Lamb! Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius!

Edward Bulwer Lytton.

INTRINSICALLY a poor creature this Bulwer; has a bustling whisking agility and restlessness which may support him in a certain degree of significance with some, but which partakes much of the nature of *levity*. Nothing truly notable can come of him or of it.

Coleridge.

A WEAK, diffusive, weltering, ineffectual man . . . a great possibility that has not realised itself. Never did I see such apparatus got ready for thinking, and so little thought. He mounts scaffolding, pulleys, and tackle, gathers all the tools in the neighbourhood with labour, with noise, demonstration, precept, abuse, and sets—three bricks.

Macaulay.

AT bottom, this Macaulay is but a poor creature with his dictionary literature and erudition, his saloon arrogance. He has no vision in him. He will neither see nor do any great thing, but be a poor Holland House unbeliever, with spectacles instead of eyes, to the end of him.

George Sand, Balzac, etc.

IN the world there are few sadder, sicklier phenomena for me than George Sand and the response she meets with. . . . A new Phallus worship, with Sue, Balzac, and Co., for prophets, and Madame Sand for a virgin.

Keats.

FRICASSEE of dead dog (Monckton Milnes' Life of Keats). . . . A truly unwise little book. The kind of man that Keats was gets ever more horrible to me. Force of hunger for pleasure of every kind, and want of all other force—such a soul, it would once have been very evident, was a chosen " vessel of Hell "; and truly, for ever there is justice in that feeling.

Shelley.

SHELLEY is a poor creature, who has said or done nothing worth a serious man being at the trouble of remembering. . . . Poor soul, he has always seemed to me an extremely weak creature; a poor, thin, spasmodic, hectic shrill and pallid being. . . . The very voice of him, shrill, shrieky, to my ear has too much of the ghost!

Gladstone.

GLADSTONE appears to me one of the contemptiblest men I ever looked on. A poor Ritualist; almost spectral kind of phantasm of a man—nothing in him but forms and ceremonies and outside wrappages; incapable of seeing veritably any fact whatever, but seeing, crediting, and laying to heart the mere clothes of the fact, and fancying that all the rest does not exist. Let him fight his own battle, in the name of Beelzebub the god of Ekron, who seems to be his God. Poor phantasm!

Herbert Spencer.

THE most unending ass in Christendom.

W. M. THACKERAY
(1811–1863)

Thackeray's attempts at invective reveal the weak elements in his character, his uncertain convictions propped up by sentimentality and bogus indignation.

On Swift and Napoleon he is the typical mid-Victorian, fretful, and frightened by power in its destructive forms. It is impossible to discriminate between the imbecility of hooting Swift and the suggestion (the exact opposite of the fact) that a son of Napoleon would be ashamed of his father.

The letter to T. W. Gibbs, on Sterne and Swift, is to be seen among the literary autographs in the British Museum. The editor of this anthology once heard a stout comfortable woman slowly reading this letter aloud to a friend, and exclaiming over the final malediction on Swift and Sterne. "Oh, my, isn't he jealous of those two!"; an inspired comment which Thackeray in his good moments would have appreciated to the full.

The quarrel between Edmund Yates and Thackeray ended, after an attempt by Dickens to settle it amicably, in the expulsion of Yates from the Garrick, and a long estrangement between Dickens and Thackeray.

Dickens' letter to Thackeray, urging a settlement of the dispute, was so clearly written with the polished restraint of a man of the world that Thackeray is to be excused for declining to be appeased. "I told him (Yates)," Dickens wrote, "that his article was not to be defended; but I confirmed him in his opinion that it was not reasonably possible for him to set right what was amiss, on the receipt of a letter couched in the very strong terms you had employed."

Thackeray's cold reply was signed "Yours etc.

. . .", to the indignation of John Forster, who exclaimed, " He be damned, with his ' yours etc.' "

THACKERAY HOOTS SWIFT

AS for the humour and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it is horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this Dean is, I say we should hoot him. Some of this audience mayn't have read the last part of Gulliver, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say " Don't." When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, and he describes himself as " almost stifled with the filth which fell about him." The reader of the fourth part of *Gulliver's Travels* is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language; a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

THACKERAY HISSES STERNE

THERE is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, a latent corruption—a hint, as of an impure presence. Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul Satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly: the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked—the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon.

W. M. THACKERAY

FROM A LETTER TO T. W. GIBBS ON SOME PASSAGES IN STERNE'S LETTERS AND HIS BRAMINE'S JOURNAL

(*September* 12, 1851)

HOWEVER on the day Sterne was writing to Lady P., and going to Miss ——'s benefit, he is *dying* in his Journal to the Brahmine,[1] can't eat, has the Doctor, and is in a dreadful way. He wasn't dying but lying I'm afraid—God help him—a falser and wickeder man, it's difficult to read of—Do you know the accompanying pamphlet . . . there is more of Yorick's love-making in these letters, with blasphemy to flavor the compositions, and indications of scornful Unbelief. Of course any man is welcome to believe as he likes for me *except* a parson: and I can't help looking upon Swift and Sterne as a couple of traitors and renegades, with a scornful pity for them in spite of all their genius and greatness.

THACKERAY BOOS NAPOLEON

(*From "The Chronicle of the Drum."*)

LAST year, my love, it was my hap
Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,
(Be blessings on the glorious pair!)
Before us passed, I saw them not,
I only saw a cap of hair.

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of Daniel Draper, Counsellor of Bombay.

Your orthodox historian puts
  In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
  That hides the march of men from us.

Go to! I hate him and his trade:
  Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
  To such as him subservient! . . .

And what care we for war and wrack,
  How kings and heroes rise and fall;
Look, yonder in his coffin black,
  There lies the greatest of them all! . . .

He captured many thousand guns;
  He wrote " The great " before his name;
And dying, only left his sons
  The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
  He died without a rood his own;
And borrowed from his enemies
  Six feet of ground to lie upon.

FROM EDMUND YATES' PORTRAIT OF THACKERAY

(*June* 12, 1858)

MR. THACKERAY is forty-six years old, though, from the silvery whiteness of his hair, he appears somewhat older. . . . His face is bloodless, and not particularly expressive, but remarkable for the fracture of the bridge of the nose, the result of an accident in youth. He wears a small grey whisker, but otherwise is clean shaven. No one meeting him could fail to

recognise in him a gentleman; his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched; but his appearance is invariably that of the cool, suave, well-bred gentleman, who, whatever may be rankling within, suffers no surface display of his emotion. . . .

No one succeeds better than Mr. Thackeray in cutting his coat according to his cloth. Here he flattered the aristocracy; but when he crossed the Atlantic, George Washington became the idol of his worship, the "Four Georges" the objects of his bitterest attacks.

. . . There is a want of heart in all he writes, which is not to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart.

THACKERAY TO EDMUND YATES (1858)

SIR,—I have received two numbers of a little paper called *Town Talk,* containing notices respecting myself, of which, as I learn from the best authority, you are the writer.

In the first article of "Literary Talk" you think fit to publish an incorrect account of my private dealings with my publishers.

In this week's number appears a so-called "sketch" containing a description of my manners, person, and conversation, and an account of my literary works, which of course you are at liberty to praise or condemn as a literary critic.

But you state, with regard to my conversation,

that it is either " frankly cynical or affectedly benevolent and good-natured; " and of my works (lectures) that in some I showed " an extravagant adulation of rank and position," which in other lectures (" as I know how to cut my coat according to my cloth ") became the object of my bitterest attack.

As I understand your phrases, you impute insincerity to me when I speak good-naturedly in private; assign dishonourable motives to me for sentiments which I have delivered in public, and charge me with advancing statements which I have never delivered at all.

Had your remarks been written by a person unknown to me I should have noticed them no more than other calumnies; but as we have shaken hands more than once, and met hitherto on friendly terms (you may ask one of your employers, Mr. ——, of ——, whether I did not speak of you very lately in the most friendly manner), I am obliged to take notice of articles which I consider to be not offensive and unfriendly merely, but slanderous and untrue.

We meet at a Club, where, before you were born I believe, I and other gentlemen have been in the habit of talking without any idea that our conversation would supply paragraphs for professional vendors of " Literary Talk "; and I don't remember that out of that Club I have ever exchanged six words with you. Allow me to inform you that the talk which you have heard there is not intended for newspaper remark; and to beg—as I have a right to do—that you will refrain from printing comments upon my private conversations; that you will forego discussions, however blundering, upon my private affairs; and that you will henceforth please to consider any

question of my personal truth and sincerity as quite out of the province of your criticism.

W. M. THACKERAY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
(1809–1865)

Lincoln was the most abused statesman of his age, but never attracted great invective, such as Saxby's and Cowley's against Cromwell. It was perhaps the contrast between his homely appearance and seeming simplicity, and his unsubduable resolution and shrewdness, which exasperated his opponents. While the mailed hand of Cromwell excited fear and hatred, the large feet of Abraham Lincoln maddened by their complacent incongruity with the despotic powers of their owner.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FROM THE LINCOLN CATECHISM

(*J. F. Fecks, Publisher, No.* 26 *Ann Street, N.Y.*)

Wherein the Eccentricities and Beauties of Despotism are fully set forth.
A guide to the Presidential Election of 1864.

BY whom hath the Constitution been made obsolete?
By Abraham Africanus the First.

To what end?
That his days may be long in office—and that he may make himself and his people the equal of the negroes.

What is a President?
A general agent for negroes.

What is Congress?
A body organized for the purpose of taxing the people to buy negroes, and to make laws to protect the President from being punished for his crimes.

What is an army?
A provost guard, to arrest white men, and set negroes free.

What is the meaning of the word Liberty?
Incarceration in a vermin-infested bastille.

What is the meaning of " the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury "?
A remote secret inquisition conducted by a man's enemies.

What is the meaning of the promise that the accused shall be tried " in the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed "?
That he shall be sent away from the State and beyond the jurisdiction of the district where the offence is said to be committed.

What is the meaning of the declaration that the accused shall " have the assistance of counsel for his defense "?
That, in the language of Seward to the prisoners in Fort Warren, " the employment of counsel will be deemed new cause for imprisonment."

What is the meaning of the promise that an accused man may " be confronted with the witnesses against him "?
That he shall not be allowed to confront them.

What is the meaning of the declaration, that "No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to some overt act, or on confession in open court"?

That a man may be convicted of treason without any witness, and without judge or jury, and without having committed any overt act.

Is the United States a consolidated government?

It is.

Who consolidated it?

Abraham Lincoln.

Does consolidation mean to annihilate the States?

Yes—to a great extent.

Had he a right to do this?

Yes—under the war power.

Who invented the war power?

Abraham Lincoln.

For what purpose did he invent the war power?

That he might not have to return to the business of splitting rails.

Was Mr. Lincoln ever distinguished as a military officer?

He was—In the Black Hawk war.

What high military position did he hold in that war?

He was a cook.

Was he distinguished for anything except for his genius as a cook?

Yes—he often pretended to see Indians in the woods, where it was afterwards proved that none existed.

Was he ever in any battle?

No—he prudently skedaddled and went home at the approach of the first engagement.

Is it disloyal to refer to the size of Old Abe's feet?

It is.

Is it disloyal to honestly believe in one's heart that if Lincoln is not a fool he is a knave, and that if he is not a knave he is a fool?

It is, horribly disloyal.

Who is Mrs. Lincoln?

The wife of the government.

Who is Mr. Lincoln?

A successful contractor to supply the government with mules.

Who is Master Bob Lincoln?

A lucky boy, yet in his teens, who has been so happy as to obtain shares in Government Contracts by which he has realized $300,000.

CARDINAL NEWMAN
(1801–1890)

CHARLES KINGSLEY
(1819–1875)

The famous quarrel between Kingsley and Newman, the main stages of which are set forth below, is always held to have ended in a complete victory for Newman. This verdict entirely in Newman's favour is surely much exaggerated. In the first place, it

cannot be denied that Kingsley by his muddled handling of his case conclusively demonstrated the soundness of his implied position that a Protestant Englishman and gentleman was no match for a Catholic priest in verbal dialectics. "Tongues," according to the Catholics, were, Kingsley had suggested, "given to men, as claws to cats, and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence." Father Newman's handling of Kingsley did nothing to disprove this accusation.

On looking more closely into the history of the debate, we find that Kingsley's gentlemanly but impolitic acceptance, in his letter to Macmillan's Magazine, of Newman's denial of Kingsley's accusation, was due to good feeling, not to the untenability of his charge. "I was informed," Kingsley wrote, "that he was in weak health, that he wished for peace and quiet, and was averse to controversy; I therefore felt some regret at having disturbed him: and this regret was increased by the moderate and courteous tone of his letters."

Kingsley having withdrawn his charge out of consideration for Newman's health, and touched by Newman's courtesy, Newman was miraculously restored to health and vigour, and fell upon Kingsley with the fervour illustrated in the passages quoted below from his "Reflections on the Above."

This attack Kingsley answered in his pamphlet, "What, then, does Dr. Newman mean?" Unfortunately one of Kingsley's friends, no less gentlemanly than himself, had confirmed Kingsley's feeling that he could not withdraw his acceptance of Newman's denial that the sermon on "Wisdom and Innocence" in any sense advocated verbal disingenuousness.

Kingsley did, however, venture on an unannotated quotation from this sermon. "Considering," Newman says, "that the serpent was chosen by the enemy of mankind as the instrument of his temptations in Paradise, it is very remarkable that Christ should choose it as the pattern of wisdom for His followers. It is as if He appealed to the whole world of sin, and to the bad arts by which the feeble gain advantages over the strong. It is as if He set before us the craft and treachery, the perfidy of the slave, and bade us extract a lesson even from so great an evil. It is as if the more we are forbidden violence, the more we are exhorted to prudence; as if it were our bounden duty to rival the wicked in endowments of mind, and to excel them in their exercise."

Even after allowing all possible weight to the operative words "as if," it is a little difficult to understand why Newman was held to have emerged from the battle with all the honours.

There was another contribution, now forgotten, to the debate, a pamphlet by the Rev. F. Meyrick, entitled "But isn't Kingsley right after all?"

The Reverend Meyrick put a series of questions to Newman, one of which ran as follows—"For example, if on seeing the initials C. K. you had written to Mr. Kingsley to ask whether he was the author of the article, and he had replied, 'I say No,' meaning you to understand that he denied the authorship of the article, but meaning to himself only to assert that he had made use of the word 'No,' would not that be lying? I should say so, and Mr. Kingsley would say so, but you can't. For your authority, whose every word you are bound to

accept (St. Alfonso de' Liguori, the great Catholic casuist), says that it is no lie at all, but merely an amphibology which you are justified in using."

In his "Apologia pro Vita sua," Newman dealt with this and similar questions as follows—"In this department of morality, much as I admire the high points of the Italian character, I like the English character better; but, in saying so, I am not, as will be seen, saying anything disrespectful to St. Alfonso, who was a lover of truth, and whose intercession I trust I shall not lose, though, on the matter under consideration, I follow other guidance in preference to his."

While sharing Newman's hope that the amphibological Liguori continued to put in a good word for him in the proper quarter, one cannot but feel that St. Alfonso would have preferred a champion who did not, in effect, reply to "Is St. Liguori a liar?" with "I say No."

NEWMAN AND KINGSLEY (1864)

1. *From a review by Charles Kingsley (C. K.) in Macmillan's Magazine of Froude's History of England, Vols. VII and VIII.*

TRUTH, for its own sake, had never been a virtue with the Romish clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints wherewith to withstand the brute male force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so.

Ever since Pope Stephen forged an epistle from

St. Peter to Pepin, King of France, and sent it with some filings of the saint's holy chains, that he might bribe him to invade Italy . . . ever since the first monk forged the first charter of his monastery, or dug the first heathen Anglo-Saxon out of his barrow, to make him a martyr and a worker of miracles, because his own minister did not "draw" as well as the rival minister ten miles off;—ever since this had the heap of lies been accumulating, spawning, breeding fresh lies, till men began to ask themselves whether truth was a thing worth troubling a practical man's head about, and to suspect that tongues were given to men, as claws to cats and horns to bulls, simply for purposes of offence and defence.

2. *From a letter from Charles Kingsley (January 6, 1864) to Newman, who had written to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., not in complaint, nor desiring reparation, but merely to draw their attention to a grave and gratuitous slander.*

THAT my words were just, I believed from many passages of your writings; but the document to which I expressly referred was one of your sermons on "Subjects of the Day," No. XX, in the volume published in 1844, and entitled "Wisdom and Innocence." It was in consequence of that sermon, that I finally shook off the strong influence which your writings exerted on me; and for much of which I still owe you a deep debt of gratitude.

I am most happy to hear from you that I mistook (as I understand from your letter) your meaning; and I shall be most happy, on your showing me that

I have wronged you, to retract my accusation as publicly as I have made it.

3. *From a letter from Charles Kingsley (January 14, 1864) to Newman.*

THE course, which you demand of me, is the only course fit for a gentleman; and, as the tone of your letters (even more than their language) make me feel, to my very deep pleasure, that my opinion of the meaning of your words was a mistaken one, I shall send at once to Macmillan's Magazine the few lines which I enclose. . . ."

4. *Kingsley's letter to Macmillan's Magazine, January 14, 1864.*

SIR,

In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of Dr. John Henry Newman, which I thought were justified by a Sermon of his, entitled "Wisdom and Innocence" (Sermon 20 of "Sermons bearing on Subjects of the Day"). Dr. Newman has by letter expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him.

Yours faithfully,
CHARLES KINGSLEY.

5. *From a letter from Newman to Charles Kingsley, January 17, 1864.*

. . . I AM sorry to say I feel it my duty to withhold from it (Kingsley's letter) the approbation which I fain would bestow.

Its main fault is, that, quite contrary to your intention, it will be understood by the general reader to intimate, that I have been confronted with definite extracts from my works, and have laid before you my own interpretations of them. Such a proceeding I have indeed challenged; but have not been so fortunate as to bring about.

6. *From a letter from Charles Kingsley to Newman, January* 18.

. . . IT seems to me, that, by referring publicly to the sermon on which my allegations are founded, I have given, not only you, but everyone an opportunity of judging of their injustice. Having done this, and having frankly accepted your assertion that I was mistaken, I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another. . . .

7. *From "Reflections on the above" by Dr. Newman.*

MR. KINGSLEY begins then by exclaiming—"O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm."

I interpose: "You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where."

Mr. Kingsley replies: "You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the

effects which that sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you."

I make answer: "Oh . . . *not*, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage."

Mr. Kingsley relaxes: "Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said."

I rejoin: "*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic."

Mr. Kingsley replies: "I waive that point."

I object: "Is it possible! What? waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't."

"Well," says Mr. Kingsley, "if you are quite sure you did not say it, I'll take your word for it; I really will."

My word! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: "We are both gentlemen," he says: "I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another."

I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. "Habemus confitentem reum."

. . . While I feel then that Mr. Kingsley's February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the Correspondence, which lies between these two

acts of his, constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock.

Accordingly, I have put it into print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley.

JAMES THOMSON

(1834–1882)

"The City of Dreadful Night" appeared in the National Reformer in 1874, *when Thomson was forty years of age. At the time of its composition, he had been living alone for many years in London, in great poverty, partly due to drink, which was in its turn due to his loneliness, poverty, and insomnia. His first volume, containing "The City of Dreadful Night," was published in* 1880, *two years before his death.*

The National Reformer was edited by Bradlaugh, the great mid-Victorian secularist; and Thomson's indictment of life may be taken as in part a poetic expression of the materialistic atheism of the epoch, though the intensity of its despair sprung from deeper than intellectual sources.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

we do not ask a longer term of strife,
  Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
We do not claim renewed and endless life
  When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
  Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

O melancholy Brothers, dark, dark, dark!
O battling in black floods without an ark!
  O spectral wanderers of unholy night!
My soul hath bled for you these sunless years,
With bitter blood-drops running down like tears:
  Oh, dark, dark, dark, withdrawn from joy and light.

My heart is sick with anguish for your bale;
Your woe hath been my anguish; yea, I quail
  And perish in your perishing unblest.
And I have searched the heights and depths, the scope
Of all our universe, with desperate hope
  To find some solace for your wild unrest.

And now at last authentic word I bring,
Witnessed by every dead and living thing;
  Good tidings of great joy for you, for all:
There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
  It is to satiate no Being's gall.

It was the dark delusion of a dream,
That living Person conscious and supreme,
  Whom we must curse for cursing us with life;
Whom we must curse because the life He gave
Could not be buried in the quiet grave,
  Could not be killed by poison or by knife.

This little life is all we must endure,
The grave's most holy peace is ever sure,
  We fall asleep and never wake again;
Nothing is of us but the mouldering flesh,
Whose elements dissolve and merge afresh
  In earth, air, water, plants and other men.

We finish thus; and all our wretched race
Shall finish with its cycle, and give place
To other beings, with their own time-doom.
Infinite aeons ere our kind began;
Infinite aeons after the last man
Has joined the mammoth in earth's tomb and womb.

THE STATUE OF MELANCHOLIA

TITANIC from her high throne in the north,
That City's sombre Patroness and Queen,
In bronze sublimity she gazes forth
Over her Capital of teen and threne,
Over the river with its isles and bridges,
The marsh and moorland, to the stern rock-ridges,
Confronting them with a coeval mien.

The moving moon and stars from east to west
Circle before her in the sea of air;
Shadows and gleams glide round her solemn rest,
Her subjects often gaze up to her there:
The strong to drink new strength of iron endurance,
The weak new terrors; all, renewed assurance
And confirmation of the old despair.

ROBERT BUCHANAN

(1841–1901)

Robert Buchanan, at one time regarded as a poet of considerable promise, is now remembered only for the attack which, under the pseudonym of Thomas Maitland, he delivered in the "Contemporary Review," October 1871, on Rossetti, Swinburne, and other

representatives of what Buchanan called "The Fleshly School of Poetry."

This attack he published in an enlarged form in 1872. The two extracts given below deal respectively with the general depravity of mid-Victorian London, and the particular depravity of Swinburne and Rossetti.

To strengthen the force of his indictment, Buchanan urged that he was "not a purist in the worst sense." His favourite authors, he pleaded, were Rabelais, Heine, Byron (Don Juan), and de Musset; and he concluded his defence with a vignette which may be held to exonerate him from the charge of being a purist in any sense at all: "I still beguile many an hour, when snug at anchor in some lovely Highland loch, with the inimitable, yet questionable, pictures of Parisian life left by Paul de Kock."

THE CITY OF DREADFUL DAY

Is this London? Is this the year 1872? That peep of blue up yonder resembles the sky, and these figures that pass seem men and women. What evil dream, then, what malignant influence is upon me? Weary of surveying the poetry of the past, and listening to the amatory wails of generations, I walk down the streets, and lo! again harlots stare from the shop-windows, and the great Alhambra posters cover the dead-walls. I go to the theatre which is crowded nightly, and I listen in absolute amaze to the bestialities of *Geneviève de Brabant*. I walk in the broad day, and a dozen hands offer me indecent prints. I step into a bookseller's shop, and behold! I am recommended to purchase a reprint of the plays and novels

of Mrs. Aphra Behn. I buy a cheap republican newspaper, thinking that there, at least, I shall find some relief, if only in the wildest stump oratory, and I am saluted instead in these words:—

Fanny Hill. Genuine edition, illustrated. Two volumes, 2*s.* 6*d.* each. Lover's Festival, plates, 3*s.* 6*d.* Adventures of a Lady's Maid. 2*s.* 6*d.* Intrigues of a Ballet Girl. 2*s.* 6*d.* Aristotle, illustrated. 2*s.* French transparent cards, 1*s.* the set. The Bachelor's Scarf pin, containing secret photos of pretty women. 24 stamps. . . .

Stop where I may, the snake Sensualism spits its venom upon me. . . . Photographs of nude, indecent, and hideous harlots, in every possible attitude that vice can devise, flaunt from the shop-windows, gloated over by the fatuous glint of the libertine and the greedy open-mouthed stare of the day-labourer. Never was this Snake, which not all the naturalists of the world have been able to scotch, so vital and poisonous as now. It has penetrated into the very sweetshops; and there, among the commoner sorts of confectionery, may be seen this year models of the female Leg, the whole definite and elegant article as far as the thigh, with a fringe of paper cut in imitation of the female drawers and embroidered in the female fashion!

(*The Fleshly School of Poetry*, 1872.)

ON SWINBURNE, BAUDELAIRE, AND ROSSETTI

(*From "The Fleshly School of Poetry."* 1872.)

ALL that is worst in Mr. Swinburne belongs to Baudelaire. The offensive choice of subject, the ob-

trusion of unnatural passion, the blasphemy, the wretched animalism, are all taken intact out of the *Fleurs de Mal.* Pitiful! that any sane man, least of all any English poet, should think this dunghill worthy of importation! In the centre of his collection Baudelaire placed the most horrid poem ever written by man, a poem unmatched for simple hideousness even in Rome during the decadence—a piece worthy to be spoken by Ascyltos in Petronius Arbiter—and entitled *Femmes Damnées.* The interlocutors in this piece are two women, who have just been guilty of the vilest act conceivable in human debauchery, but the theme and the treatment are too loathsome for description. Encouraged by the hideousness of *Femmes Damnées,* Mr. Swinburne attempted to beat it in *Anactoria,* a poem the subject of which is again that branch of crime which is generally known as the Sapphic passion. It would be tedious, apart from the unsavouriness of the subject, to pursue the analogy much farther through individual poems. . . .

. . . In the sweep of one single poem, the weird and doubtful *Vivien,* Mr. Tennyson has concentrated all the epicene force which, wearisomely expanded, constitutes the characteristic of the writers at present under consideration; and if in *Vivien* he has indicated for them the bounds of sensualism in art, he has in *Maud,* in the dramatic person of the hero, afforded distinct precedent for the hysteric tone and overloaded style which is now so familiar to readers of Mr. Swinburne. The fleshliness of *Vivien* may indeed be described as the distinct quality held in common by all the members of the last sub-Tennysonian school, and it is a quality which becomes unwholesome when there is no moral or intellectual quality

to temper or control it. Fully conscious of this themselves, the fleshly gentlemen have bound themselves by solemn league and covenant to extol fleshliness as the distinct, and supreme end of poetic and pictorial art; to aver that poetic expression is greater than poetic thought, and by inference that the body is greater than the soul, and sound superior to sense; and that the poet, properly to develop his poetic faculty, must be an intellectual hermaphrodite, to whom the very facts of day and night are lost in a whirl of æsthetic terminology. . . .

I close this book of the " mature " person (Rossetti). I close Mr. Swinburne's volumes. I try to gather some definite impression, some thought, some light, from what I have been reading. I find my mind jaded, my whole body sick and distressed, a dull pain lurking in the region of the *medulla oblongata.* I try to picture up Mr. Rossetti's poetry, and I am dazzled by conceits in sixteenth-century costume,—" rosy hours," " Loves " with " gonfalons," damsels with " citherns," " soft-complexioned " skies; flowers, fruits, jewels, vases, apple-blossoms, lutes: I see no gleam of nature, not a sign of humanity; I hear only the heated ravings of an affected lover, indecent for the most part, and often blasphemous. I attempt to describe Mr. Swinburne; and lo! the Bacchanal screams, the sterile Dolores sweats, serpents dance, men and women wrench, wriggle, and foam in an endless alliteration of heated and meaningless words, the veriest garbage of Baudelaire flowered over with the epithets of the Della Cruscans.

A. C. SWINBURNE
(1837–1910)

Tennyson is reported to have said, after reading his "Lucretius" to a friend, "What a mess little Swinburne would have made of this." Whether this opinion was conveyed to Swinburne or not, Swinburne's reply to Buchanan shows how deeply he resented the general mid-Victorian view that Tennyson knew how to handle questionable themes with purity and taste, and that Swinburne didn't. That Swinburne was actually as distressed by that portion of "The Idylls of the King" which he criticises below as he asserts, cannot now be determined; but it is worth recalling that Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his friends," a wise Scot of a very fine type, and more immune from mid-Victorian emotionalism than readers south of the Tweed, expressed himself as disgusted by Tennyson's "Vivien."

Swinburne's attack on Whitman, though it, too, owes some of its vehemence to a natural desire to affirm his own much-disputed sense of decency, is substantially sound. It refers, of course, to Whitman's attempts to capture the ecstasy of physical desire in American "vers libre."

The original draft of Swinburne's letter to Emerson, an extract from which appears below, was discovered by Mr. Wise in 1918; and has been privately printed by Mr. Wise, with an introduction by the late Sir Edmund Gosse.

Swinburne, Edmund Gosse narrates, had read in an American paper some abusive remarks on himself, attributed to Emerson. He had written to Emerson, stating his conviction that Emerson could not have been guilty of these remarks; but Emerson did not reply.

Some months later, in February 1874, as Swinburne and Gosse were sitting together in St. James's Park, Gosse asked Swinburne if he had ever received an answer from Emerson.

"I did NOT!" Swinburne replied.

"You will take no more notice, I suppose?"

"I have just taken exactly such notice as a gentleman in my position was bound to take. I have written him another letter."

"I hope your language was quite moderate."

"Perfectly moderate! I merely informed him, in language of the strictest reserve, that he was a hoary-headed and toothless baboon, who, first lifted into notice on the shoulder of Carlyle, now spits and splutters from a filthier platform of his own finding and fouling. That is all I've said."

SWINBURNE PAINED BY TENNYSON'S IMMORALITY

THE enemies of Tennyson . . . are those of his own household. . . . They are the men who find in his collection of Arthurian idylls,—the Morte d'Albert as it might perhaps be more properly called, after the princely type to which (as he tells us with just pride) the poet has been fortunate enough to make his central figure so successfully conform,—an epic poem of profound and exalted morality. . . .

Wishing to make his central figure the noble and perfect symbol of an ideal man, he has removed not merely the excuse but the explanation of the fatal and tragic loves of Launcelot and Guinevere. . . . In the old story, the king, with the doom denounced in the beginning by Merlin hanging over all his toils

and triumphs as a tragic shadow, stands apart in no undignified patience to await the end in its own good time of all his work and glory, with no eye for the pain and passion of the woman who sits beside him as queen rather than as wife. Such a figure is not unfit for the centre of a tragic action; it is neither ignoble nor inconceivable; but the besotted blindness of Mr. Tennyson's "blameless king" to the treason of a woman who has had the first and last of his love and the whole devotion of his blameless life is nothing more or less than pitiful and ridiculous. All the studious care and exquisite eloquence of the poet can throw no genuine halo round the sprouting brows of a royal husband who remains to the very last the one man in his kingdom insensible of his disgrace. The unclean taunt of the hateful Vivien is simply the expression in vile language of an undeniable truth; such a man as this king is indeed hardly "man at all"; either fool or coward he must surely be. . . . The fatal consequence or corollary of this original flaw in his scheme is that the modern poet has been obliged to degrade all the other figures of the legend in order to bring them into due harmony with the degraded figures of Arthur and Guinevere. The courteous and loyal Gawain of the old romancers, already deformed and maligned in the version of Mallory himself, is here a vulgar traitor; the benignant Lady of the Lake, foster-mother of Launcelot, redeemer and comforter of Pelleas, becomes the very vilest figure in all that cycle of more or less symbolic agents and patients which Mr. Tennyson has set revolving round the figure of his central wittol. . . . The Vivien of Mr. Tennyson's idyll seems to me, to speak frankly, about the most base and repulsive person ever set

forth in serious literature. Her impurity is actually eclipsed by her incredible and incomparable vulgarity —(" O ay," said Vivien, " that were likely too.") She is such a sordid creature as plucks men passing by the sleeve. I am of course aware that this figure appears the very type and model of a beautiful and fearful temptress of the flesh, the very embodied and ennobled ideal of danger and desire, in the chaster eyes of the virtuous journalist who grows sick with horror and disgust at the license of other French and English writers; but I have yet to find the French or English contemporary poem containing a passage that can be matched against the loathsome dialogue in which Merlin and Vivien discuss the nightly transgressions against chastity, within doors and without, of the various knights of Arthur's court. I do not remember that any modern poet whose fame has been assailed on the score of sensual immorality—say for instance the author of " Mademoiselle de Maupin " or the author of the " Fleurs du Mal "—has ever devoted an elaborate poem to describing the erotic fluctuations and vacillations of a dotard under the moral and physical manipulation of a prostitute. The conversation of Vivien is exactly described in the poet's own phrase—it is " as the poached filth that floods the middle street." Nothing like it can be cited from the verse which embodies other poetic impersonations of unchaste women. From the Cleopatra of Shakespeare and the Dalilah of Milton to the Phraxanor of Wells, a figure worthy to be ranked not far in design below the highest of theirs, we may pass without fear of finding any such pollution. These heroines of sin are evil, but noble in their evil way; it is the utterly ignoble quality of Vivien which

makes her so unspeakably repulsive and unfit for artistic treatment. "Smiling saucily," she is simply a subject for the police-court. The "Femmes Damnées" of Baudelaire may be worthier of hell-fire than a common harlot like this, but that side of their passion which would render them amenable to the notice of the nearest station is not what is kept before us throughout that condemned poem.

(*Under the Microscope.*)

ON WHITMAN

As to his originality in the matter of free speaking, it need only be observed that no remarkable mental gift is requisite to qualify man or woman for membership of a sect mentioned by Dr. Johnson—the Adamites, who believed in the virtue of public nudity. If those worthies claimed the right to bid their children run about the streets stark naked, the magistrate, observed Johnson, "would have a right to flog them into their doublets"; a right no plainer than the right of common sense and sound criticism to flog the Whitmaniacs into their strait-waistcoats; or, were there any female members of such a sect, into their strait-petticoats. . . . Into "the troughs of Zolaism," as Lord Tennyson calls them (a phrase which bears rather unduly hard on the quadrupedal pig), I am happy to believe that Mr. Whitman has never dipped a passing nose: he is a writer of something occasionally like English, and a man of something occasionally like genius. But in his treatment of topics usually regarded as no less unfit for public exposition and literary illustration than those which

have obtained notoriety for the would-be bastard of Balzac—the Davenant of the (French) prose Shakespeare, he has contrived to make " the way of a man with a maid " almost as loathsomely ludicrous and almost as ludicrously loathsome—I speak merely of the æsthetic or literary aspect of his effusions—as the Swiftian or Zolaesque enthusiasm of bestiality which insists in handling what " goeth into the belly, and is cast out into the draught." . . .

Under the dirty clumsy paws of a harper whose plectrum is a muck-rake any tune will become a chaos of discords, though the motive of the tune should be the first principle of nature—the passion of man for woman or the passion of woman for man. And the unhealthily demonstrative and obtrusive animalism of the Whitmaniad is as unnatural, as incompatible with the wholesome instincts of human passion, as even the filthy and inhuman asceticism of SS. Macarius and Simeon Stylites. If anything can justify the serious and deliberate display of merely physical emotion in literature or in art, it must be one of two things: intense depth of feeling expressed with inspired perfection of simplicity, with divine sublimity of fascination, as by Sappho; or transcendant supremacy of actual and irresistible beauty in such revelation of naked nature as was possible to Titian. But Mr. Whitman's Eve is a drunken apple-woman, indecently sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter amid the rotten refuse of her overturned fruit-stall: but Mr. Whitman's Venus is a Hottentot wench under the influence of cantharides and adulterated rum. Cotytto herself would repudiate the ministration of such priestesses as these.

(*Whitmania. Studies in Prose and Poetry.*)

A. C. SWINBURNE

FROM A "LETTER TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON"

(*January* 30, 1874)

I AM informed that certain American journalists, not content with providing filth of their own for the consumption of their kind, sometimes offer to their readers a dish of beastliness which they profess to have gathered from under the chairs of more distinguished men. While the abuse lavished on my name and writings could claim no higher than a nameless source, I have always been able to say with Shelley, "I have neither curiosity, interest, pain nor pleasure, in anything, good or evil, they can say of me. I feel only a slight disgust, and a sort of wonder, that they presume to write my name."

If I am to believe that that name has been made the mark for such vile language as is now publicly attributed to men of note in the world of letters, I, who am not sufficiently an expert in the dialect of the cesspool and the dung-cart to retort in their own kind on these venerable gentlemen—I, whose ears and lips are alike unused to the amenities of conversation embroidered with such fragments of flowery rhetoric as may be fished up by congenial fingers or lapped up by congenial tongues out of the sewage of Sodom, can return no better or more apt reply than was addressed by the servant of Octavia to the satellites of Nero, and applied by Lord Denman when counsel for Queen Caroline to the sycophants of George IV.

A foul mouth is so ill-matched with a white beard that I would gladly believe the newspaper-scribes alone responsible for the bestial utterances which they declare to have dropped from a teacher whom such disciples as these exhibit to our disgust and compas-

sion as performing on their obscene platform the last tricks of tongue now possible to a gap-toothed and hoary-headed ape, carried at first into notice on the shoulder of Carlyle, and who now in his dotage spits and chatters from a dirtier perch of his own finding and fouling: coryphaeus or choragus of his Bulgarian tribe of autocoprophagous baboons, who make the filth they feed on. . . .

JOHN RUSKIN
(1819–1900)

The preface, extracts from which are quoted below, was written by Ruskin for a pamphlet against the construction of a railway between Windermere and Keswick.

The two main sources of Ruskin's rhetorical invective are both displayed in this preface; his dislike of humanity in the mass ("the stupid herds of modern tourists"), and his compensatory passion for reforming the minds and morals of the many ("It is precisely because I passionately wish to improve the minds of the populace . . ." etc.).

FROM RUSKIN'S PREFACE TO "A PROTEST AGAINST THE EXTENSION OF RAILWAYS IN THE LAKE DISTRICT" BY ROBERT SOMERVELL (1876)

. . . WHEN the frenzy of avarice is daily drowning our sailors, suffocating our miners, poisoning our children, and blasting the cultivable surface of England into a treeless waste of ashes,—what does it really matter whether a flock of sheep, more or less, be driven from the slopes of Helvellyn, or the little pool of Thirlmere filled with shale, or a few wild blossoms

of St. John's vale lost to the coronal of English spring? Little, to anyone; and—let me say this, at least, in the outset of all saying—*nothing*, to *me*. . . . All my own dear mountain-grounds, and treasure-cities, Chamouni, Interlachen, Lucerne, Geneva, Venice, are long ago destroyed by the European populace; and now, for my own part, I don't care what more they do; they may drain Loch Katrine, drink Loch Lomond, and blow all Wales and Cumberland into a heap of slate shingle; the world is wide enough yet to find me some refuge during the days appointed me to stay in it. But it is no less my duty, in the cause of those to whom the sweet landscapes of England are yet precious, and to whom they may yet teach what they taught me, in early boyhood, and would still, if I had it now to learn,—it is my duty to plead with what earnestness I may, that these sacred sibylline books may be redeemed from perishing.

. . . The arguments in favour of the new railway are in the main four, and may be thus answered.

I. There are mineral treasures in the district capable of development.

Answer.—It is a wicked lie, got up by whosoever has got it up, simply to cheat shareholders. Every lead and copper vein in Cumberland has been known for centuries; the copper of Coniston does not pay; and there is none so rich in Helvellyn. And the main central rocks, through which the track lies, produce neither slate nor haematite, while there is enough of them at Llanberis and Dalton to roof and iron grate all England into one vast Bedlam, if it honestly perceives itself in need of that accommodation.

II. The scenery must be made accessible to the public.

Answer.—It is more than accessible already;—the public are pitched into it head-foremost, and necessarily miss two-thirds of it . . . the stupid herds of modern tourists let themselves be emptied, like coals from a sack, at Windermere and Keswick. Having got there, what the new railway has to do is to shovel those who have come to Keswick, to Windermere—and to shovel those who have come to Windermere, to Keswick. And what then?

III. But cheap, and swift transit is necessary for the working population, who otherwise could not see the scenery at all.

Answer.—After all your shrieking about what the operatives spend in drink, can't you teach them to save enough out of their year's wages to pay for a chaise and pony for a day, to drive Missis and the Baby that pleasant 20 miles, stopping when they like, to unpack the basket on a mossy bank? If they can't enjoy the scenery that way,—they can't any way; and all that your railroad company can do for them is only to open taverns and skittle grounds round Grasmere, which will soon, then, be nothing but a pool of drainage, with a beach of broken gingerbeer bottles.

IV. What else is to be said? I protest I can find nothing, unless that engineers and contractors must live. Let them live; but in a more useful and honourable way than by keeping Old Bartholomew Fair under Helvellyn, and making a steam merry-go-round of the lake country.

. . . It is precisely because I passionately wish to

improve the minds of the populace, and because I am spending my own mind, strength, and fortune, wholly on that object, that I don't want to let them see Helvellyn while they are drunk. . . . If then—my benevolent friend, you are prepared to take OUT your twopence, and to give them to the hosts here in Cumberland, saying—" Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, I will repay thee when I come to Cumberland myself ": on *these* terms—oh my benevolent friends, I am with you, hand and glove, in every effort you wish to make for the enlightenment of poor men's eyes. But if your motive is, on the contrary, to put twopence into your own purse, stolen between the Jerusalem and Jericho of Keswick and Ambleside—out of the poor drunken traveller's pocket . . . then, my pious friends, enthusiastic Ananias, pitiful Judas, and sanctified Korah, —I will do my best, in God's name, to stay your hands, and stop your tongues.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL
(1833–1899)

The extracts given below are from a five hours' speech which Colonel Ingersoll delivered to the jury at the trial for blasphemy of C. B. Reynolds at Morriston, New Jersey, May 19 and 20, 1887.

The Reverend C. B. Reynolds was an accredited Freethought missionary who had been attacking the truth and the morality of the Old Testament in the manner illustrated below. In spite of Colonel Ingersoll, he was found guilty and condemned to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars, and costs. Colonel Ingersoll defrayed this verdict out of his own pocket.

ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL

Ingersoll, who was born in the same year as Bradlaugh, criticised orthodoxy from the same literal standpoint. It is usual nowadays to treat this kind of criticism as old-fashioned. It would be less old-fashioned now if it had been less effective then.

FROM "DEFENCE OF FREETHOUGHT"

NOW let us come to this old law (the statute under which the defendant, the Rev. C. B. Reynolds, was tried); this law that was asleep for a hundred years before this Constitution [1] was adopted; this law coiled like a snake beneath the foundations of the Government; this law, cowardly, dastardly; this law passed by wretches who were afraid to discuss; this law passed by men who could not, and who knew they could not, defend their creed; and so they said: "Give us the sword of the State and we will cleave the heretic down." And this law was made to control the minority. When the Catholics were in power they visited that law upon their opponents. When the Episcopalians were in power, they tortured and burned the poor Catholics who had scoffed and who had denied the truth of their religion. Whoever was in power used that, and whoever was out of power cursed that, and yet the moment he got in power he used it. The people became civilised; but that law was on the statute book. It simply remained. There it was, sound asleep; its lips drawn over its long and cruel teeth. Nobody savage enough to waken it. And it slept on, and New Jersey has flourished. . . . Nobody raised the statute until the

[1] The Constitution of 1844, containing this clause, quoted by Colonel Ingersoll: "No law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

defendant in this case went to Boonton, and there made a speech in which he gave his honest thought, and the people not having an argument handy, threw stones.

. . . I say if you believe the Bible, say so; if you do not believe it, say so. And here is the vital mistake, I might almost say, in Protestantism itself. The Protestants, when they fought the Catholics, said: "Read the Bible for yourselves; stop taking it from your priests; read the sacred volume with your own eyes. It is a revelation from God to his children; and you are the children." And then they said: "If, after you read it, you do not believe it, and say anything against it, we will put you in gaol and God will put you in hell." That is a fine position to get a man in. It is like a man who invited his neighbor to come and look at his pictures, saying: "They are the finest in the place, and I want your candid opinion. A man who looked at them the other day said they were daubs, and I kicked him downstairs. Now, I want your candid judgment." So the Protestant Church says to a man: "This Bible is a message from your Father—your Father in heaven. Read it. Judge it for yourself. But if, after you have read it, you say it is not true I will put you in the penitentiary for one year." The Catholic Church has a little more sense about that—at least, more logic. It says: "This Bible is not given to everybody. It is given to the world, to be sure; but it must be interpreted by the Church. God would not give a Bible to the world unless he also appointed someone, some organisation, to tell the world what it means." They said: "We do not want the world filled with interpretations, and all the interpreters

fighting each other." And the Protestant has gone to the infinite absurdity of saying: "Judge for yourself; but if you judge wrong you will go to the penitentiary here and to hell hereafter."

. . . The defendant further blasphemed and said that:— "An all-wise, unchangeable God, who got out of patience with a world which was just what his own stupid blundering had made it, knew no better way out of the muddle than to destroy it by drowning!"

Is that true? Was not the world exactly as God made it? Certainly. Did he not, if the Bible be true, drown the people? He did. Did he know he would drown them when he made them? He did. Did he know they ought to be drowned when they were made? He did. Where then is the blasphemy in saying so? . . . And yet you would arrest this man and put him in the penitentiary. But after you lock him in the cell, there remains the question still. Is it possible that a good and wise God, knowing that he was going to drown them, made millions of people? What did he make them for? I do not know. I do not pretend to be wise enough to answer that question. Of course, you cannot answer the question. Is there anything blasphemous in that? Would it be blasphemy in me to say that I do not believe that any God ever made men, women, and children, mothers, with babes clasped to their breasts, and then sent a flood to fill the world with death?

A rain lasting for forty days, the water rising hour by hour, and the poor wretched children of God climbing to the tops of their houses, then to the tops of the hills. The water still rising—no mercy.

The people climbing higher and higher, looking to the mountains for salvation, the merciless rain still falling, the inexorable flood still rising. Children falling from the arms of mothers—no pity. The highest hills covered, infancy and old age mingling in death, the cries of women, the sobs and sighs lost in the roar of the waves, the heavens still relentless. The mountains are covered, a shoreless sea rolls round the world, and in its billows are billions of corpses.

This is the greatest crime that man has imagined, and this crime is called a deed of infinite mercy.

Do you believe that? I do not believe one word of it, and I have the right to say to all the world that this is false.

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

(1834–1903)

In "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," published in 1890, Whistler collected his many quarrels, with Ruskin, Wilde, Wedmore, Swinburne, and a dozen others. His dispute with Ruskin arose from the latter's remark, in "Fors Clavigera," published in 1878, that Whistler had asked two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face. Whistler brought a libel action, and was awarded a farthing's damages.

Whistler, as is clear from the extracts given below, despised Wilde as a pretentious exploiter of other men's ideas, and Wilde's retreat in outraged gentility shows his reluctance to engage in battle with a genuine artist. It should be remembered, however,

that at this date Wilde had not published anything of importance, and so was in a weak position for engaging with a man of Whistler's age and achievement.

From "'The Gentle Art of Making Enemies' as pleasingly exemplified in many instances, wherein the serious ones of this earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion, while overcome by an undue sense of right."

RUSKIN ON WHISTLER (1877)

FOR Mr. Whistler's own sake, no less than for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approached the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen, and heard, much of cockney impudence before now; but never expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face.

WHISTLER ON RUSKIN (1878)

OVER and over again did the Attorney-General cry out aloud, in the agony of his cause, "What is to become of painting if the critics withhold their lash?"

As well might he ask what is to become of mathematics under similar circumstances, were they possible. I maintain that two and two the mathematician would continue to make four, in spite of the whine of the amateur for three, or the cry of

the critic for five. We are told that Mr. Ruskin has devoted his long life to art, and as a result—is "Slade Professor" at Oxford. In the same sentence we have thus his position and its worth. It suffices not, Messieurs! a life passed among pictures makes not a painter—else the policeman in the National Gallery might assert himself. As well allege that he who lives in a library must needs die a poet. Let not Mr. Ruskin flatter himself that more education makes the difference between himself and the policeman when both stand gazing in the Gallery.

There they might remain till the end of time; the one decently silent, the other saying, in good English, many high-sounding empty things, like the crackling of thorns under a pot—undismayed by the presence of the Masters with whose names he is sacrilegiously familiar; whose intentions he interprets, whose vices he discovers with the facility of the incapable, and whose virtues he descants upon with a verbosity and flow of language that would, could he hear it, give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's, when the first great critic proffered his opinion.

WHISTLER AND OSCAR WILDE

From "The World," November 17, 1886.

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE "NATIONAL ART EXHIBITION"

GENTLEMEN,—I am naturally interested in any effort made among Painters to prove that they are alive—but when I find, thrust in the van of your leaders, the body of my dear 'Arry, I know that putrefaction alone can result. When, following 'Arry, there comes our Oscar, you finish in farce, and bring upon your-

selves the scorn and ridicule of your *confrères* in Europe.

What has Oscar in common with Art? except that he dines at our tables and picks from our platters the plums for the pudding he peddles in the provinces. Oscar—the amiable, irresponsible, esurient Oscar—with no more sense of a picture than of the fit of a coat, has the courage of the opinions . . . of others!

With 'Arry and Oscar you have avenged the Academy.

I am, Gentlemen, yours obediently.

WILDE'S REPLY

(*From "The World," November* 24.)

ATLAS, this is very sad! With our James vulgarity begins at home, and should be allowed to stay there.—*A vous,*

OSCAR WILDE.

WHISTLER CONCLUDES

"A POOR thing," Oscar!—"but," for once, I suppose "your own."

From a letter to "Truth," entitled, "The Habit of Second Natures," January 2, 1890.

HOW was it that, in your list of culprits [plagiarists], you omitted that fattest of offenders—our own Oscar?

His methods are brought again freshly to my mind, by the indefatigable and tardy Romeike, who sends me newspaper cuttings of "Mr. Herbert

Vivian's Reminiscences," in which, among other entertaining anecdotes, is told at length, the story of Oscar simulating the becoming pride of another, upon a certain evening, in the club of the Academy students, and arrogating to himself the responsibility of the lecture, with which, at his earnest prayer, I had, in good fellowship, crammed him, that he might not add deplorable failure to foolish appearance, in his anomalous position, as art expounder, before his clear-headed audience.

He went forth on that occasion, as my St. John—but, forgetting that humility should be his chief characteristic, and unable to withstand the unaccustomed respect with which his utterances were received, he not only trifled with my shoe, but bolted with the latchet. . . .

REPLY—" TRUTH," JANUARY 9, 1890

. . . AS Mr. James Whistler has had the impertinence to attack me with both venom and vulgarity in your columns, I hope you will allow me to state that the assertions contained in his letters are as deliberately untrue as they are deliberately offensive. . . .

As for borrowing Mr. Whistler's ideas about art, the only thoroughly original ideas I have ever heard him express have had reference to his own superiority as a painter over painters greater than himself.

It is a trouble for any gentleman to have to notice the lucubrations of so ill-bred and ignorant a person as Mr. Whistler, but your publication of his insolent letter left me no option in the matter.—I remain, Sir, faithfully yours,

OSCAR WILDE.

From a letter in reply entitled "Panic." "Truth," January 16, 1890.

O TRUTH!—Cowed and humiliated, I acknowledge that our Oscar is at last original. At bay, and sublime in his agony, he certainly has, for once, borrowed from no living author, and comes out in his own true colours—as his own "gentleman." . . .

. . . I am awe-stricken and tremble, for truly, "the rage of the sheep is terrible!"

CONCLUSION—ENTITLED "JUST INDIGNATION"

UPON perceiving the Poet, in Polish cap and green overcoat, befrogged and wonderfully befurred.

"Oscar—How dare you! What means this disguise?

Restore those things to Nathan's, and never again let me find you masquerading the streets of my Chelsea in the combined costumes of Kossuth and Mr. Mantalini!"

WHISTLER APOLOGISES TO WEDMORE

(*From a letter to "The World," February 28, 1883, in which Whistler apologises to Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who had complained that Whistler had defended himself against a criticism by misquoting "did not wish to understate Mr. Whistler's merit" as "did not wish to understand it."*)

. . . MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE—a critic—one of the wounded—complains that by dexterously substituting "understand" for "understate," I have dealt unfairly by him, and wrongly rendered his writing. Let me hasten to acknowledge the error, and apologise. My carelessness is culpable, and the

misprint without excuse; for naturally I have all along known, and the typographer should have been duly warned, that with Mr. Wedmore, as with his brethren, it is always a matter of understating, and not at all one of understanding.

MARK TWAIN

(1835–1910)

Mark Twain's views on Titian's Venus, evidently the fruit of a protracted study of the object of his indictment, appeared in "A Tramp Abroad," 1880. His summary of Rhodes is from "Following the Equator," 1897; and the Pudd'nhead Wilson reflections are of about the same date. His intense pessimism, revealed in these Pudd'nhead Wilson maxims, has been explained by a recent biographer, Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, as the result of the defeat which his sincerity and its expression in his writings suffered at the hands of a conventional wife and unduly respectable friends, such as W. D. Howells.

"TITIAN'S BEAST"

(From "A Tramp Abroad.")

AT the door of the Ufizzi [1] in Florence, one is confronted by statues of a man and a woman, noseless, battered, black with accumulated grime,—they hardly suggest human beings—yet these ridiculous creatures have been thoughtfully and conscientiously fig-leaved by this fastidious generation. You enter, and proceed to that most-visited little gallery that exists in the world—the Tribune—and there, against the wall, without obstructing rag or leaf, you may look your fill upon the foulest, the vilest, the ob-

[1] Mark Twain's spelling.

scenest picture the world possesses—Titian's Venus. It isn't that she is naked and stretched out on a bed —no, it is the attitude of one of her arms and hand. If I ventured to describe that attitude there would be a fine howl—but there the Venus lies, for anybody to gloat over that wants to—and there she has a right to lie, for she is a work of art, and art has its privileges. I saw a young girl stealing furtive glances at her; I saw young men gazing long and absorbedly at her; I saw aged, infirm men hang upon her charms with a pathetic interest. How I should like to describe her—just to see what a holy indignation I could stir up in the world—just to hear the unreflecting average man deliver himself about my grossness and coarseness, and all that. The world says that no worded description of a moving spectacle is a hundredth part as moving as the same spectacle seen with one's own eyes—yet the world is willing to let its sons and its daughters and itself look at Titian's beast, but won't stand a description of it in words.

. . . There are pictures of nude women which suggest no impure thought—I am well aware of that. I am not railing at such. What I am trying to emphasize is the fact that Titian's Venus is very far from being one of that sort. Without any question it was painted for a bagnio and it was probably refused because it was a trifle too strong. In truth, it is a trifle too strong for any place but a public art gallery.

CECIL RHODES

(*From "Following the Equator," by Mark Twain.*)

ONE fact is sure: he keeps his prominence and a vast following, no matter what he does. He "deceives"

the Duke of Fife—it is the Duke's word—but that does not destroy the Duke's loyalty to him. He tricks the Reformers into immense trouble with his Raid, but the most of them believe he meant well. He weeps over the harshly-taxed Johannesburgers and makes them his friends; at the same time he taxes his Charter-settlers 50 per cent., and so wins their affection and their confidence that they are squelched with despair at every rumor that the Charter is to be annulled. He raids and robs and slays and enslaves the Matabele and gets worlds of Charter-Christian applause for it. He has beguiled England into buying Charter waste paper for Bank of England notes, ton for ton, and the ravished still burn incense to him as the Eventual God of Plenty. He has done everything he could think of to pull himself down to the ground; he has done more than enough to pull sixteen common-run great men down; yet there he stands, to this day, upon his dizzy summit under the dome of the sky, an apparent permanency, the marvel of the time, the mystery of the age, an Archangel with wings to half the world, Satan with a tail to the other half.

I admire him, I frankly confess it; and when his time comes I shall buy a piece of the rope for a keepsake.

FROM PUDD'NHEAD WILSON'S CALENDAR

BY MARK TWAIN

WHOEVER has lived long enough to find out what life is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race. He brought death into the world.

The holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.

All say, "How hard it is to die"—a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live.

If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite you. This is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

Pity is for the living, envy is for the dead.

Each person is born to one possession which outvalues all his others—his last breath.

Satan (impatiently) to New Comer. "The trouble with you Chicago people is, that you think you are the best people down here; whereas you are merely the most numerous."

R. L. STEVENSON

(1850–1894)

Stevenson's famous letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde, the occasion of which is fully explained in the extracts given below, is regarded by admirers of Stevenson as a magnificent explosion of decent and virile indignation. Others may find the most significant sentence in the letter to be: "If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject."

The Subject Proposed.

FROM ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S OPEN LETTER ON FATHER DAMIEN TO THE REVEREND DR. HYDE OF HONOLULU

Sydney, *February* 25, 1890.

SIR,—

It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited, and conversed; on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. . . .

If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length, in their true colours, to the public eye.

THE REVEREND DR. HYDE'S LETTER

(*Published in the Sydney "Presbyterian," October* 26, 1889.)

Honolulu, *August* 2, 1889.

Rev. H. B. Gage.

DEAR BROTHER,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who

knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement (before he became one himself), but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the government physicians, and so forth, but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.

Yours etc.,

C. M. HYDE.

The Letter analysed.

DAMIEN was *coarse.*

It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there, to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel; and in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all he was a " coarse, headstrong " fisherman! Yet even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called Saint.

Damien was *dirty*.

He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

Damien was *headstrong*.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

Damien was *bigoted*.

I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child; as I would I could suppose that you do. . . .

Damien *was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders.*

Is this a misreading? or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our Church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise? . . .

Damien *was not a pure man in his relations with women, etc.*

. . . This scandal, when I read it in your letter, was not new to me. I had heard it once before; and I must tell you how. There came to Samoa a man from Honolulu; he, in a public-house on the beach, volunteered the statement that Damien had "contracted the disease from having connection with the female lepers"; and I find a joy in telling you how the report was welcomed in a public-house. A man sprang to his feet; I am not at liberty to give his name,

but from what I heard I doubt if you would care to have him to dinner in Beretania Street. "You miserable little ——" (here is a word I dare not print, it would so shock your ears). "You miserable little ——," he cried, "if the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower —— for daring to repeat it?" I wish it could be told of you that when the report reached you in your house, perhaps after family worship, you had found in your soul enough holy anger to receive it with the same expressions; ay, even with that one which I dare not print; it would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness. But you have deliberately chosen the part of the man from Honolulu, and you have played it with improvements of your own. The man from Honolulu—miserable, leering creature—communicated the tale to a rude knot of beach-combing drinkers in a public-house, where (I will so far agree with your temperance opinions) man is not always at his noblest; and the man from Honolulu had himself been drinking—drinking, we may charitably fancy, to excess. It was to your "Dear Brother, the Reverend H. B. Gage," that you chose to communicate the sickening story; and the blue ribbon which adorns your portly bosom forbids me to allow you the extenuating plea that you were drunk when it was done. . . .

But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men; and to bring it home to you, I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose—and God forgive me for supposing it—that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I

will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath—he, who was so much a better man than either you or me, who did what we have never dreamed of daring—he too tasted of our common frailty. " O, Iago, the pity of it! " The least tender should be moved to tears; the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage!

Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try yet once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him, and some informant brought it to you, proof in hand: I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance? that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author of your days? and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did, is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father too, if God had given you grace to see it.

T. W. H. CROSLAND

(1865–1924)

Crosland, the famous journalist, was a kind of William Prynne of the twentieth century, and would undoubtedly have lost his ears and been branded in a less humanitarian age. A late-Victorian Bohemian, his invective is far more complex and interesting than Prynne's. In his attack on the Scotch, he recalls the

eighteenth century, in his "Votes for Women" he is a romantic, and in his poem on Oscar Wilde, not quoted from here, he indulges his Puritanism, otherwise somewhat starved.

THE SCOTS

WHO, that has a feeling for warfare, would fight with a Scotchman? Such a one, I hope, does not breathe; the plain fact being that if a Scot beats you, he beats you; whereas if you begin to beat a Scot he will assuredly bawl, in the King's name, for the law. "Hech, sirs, rin for the polis. A'hm gettin' whupped!" Let us therefore continue our discourse amicably.

Your proper child of Caledonia believes in his rickety bones that he is the salt of the earth. Prompted by a glozing pride, not to say by a black and consuming avarice, he has proclaimed his saltiness from the house-tops in and out of season, unblushingly, assiduously, and with results which have no doubt been most satisfactory from his own point of view. There is nothing creditable to the race of men, from filial piety to a pretty taste in claret, which he has not sedulously advertised as a virtue peculiar to himself. This arrogation has served him passing well. It has brought him into unrivalled esteem. He is the one species of human animal that is taken by all the world to be fifty per cent. cleverer and pluckier and honester than the facts warrant. He is the daw with a peacock's tail of his own painting. He is the ass who has been at pains to cultivate the convincing roar of a lion. He is the fine gentleman whose father toils with a muck-fork. And, to have done with parable, he is the bandy-legged lout from Tullietudlescleugh,

who, after a childhood of intimacy with the cesspool and the crablouse, and twelve months at " the college " on moneys wrung from the diet of his family, drops his threadbare kilt and comes south in a slop suit to instruct the English in the arts of civilisation and in the English language. And because he is Scotch and the Scotch superstition is heavy on our Southern lands, England will forthwith give him a chance, for an English chance is his birthright. Soon, forby, shall he be living in " chambers " and writing idiot books. Or he shall swell and hector and fume in the sub-editor's room of a halfpenny paper. Or a pompous and gravel-blind city house shall grapple him to its soul in the capacity of confidential clerk. Or he shall be cashier in a jam factory, or " boo and boo " behind a mercer's counter, or " wait on " in a coffee tavern, or, for that matter, soak away his chapped spirit in the four-ale bars off Fleet Street.

(*The Unspeakable Scot.*)

" MARGARET OGILVY "

THERE are three Scotch books of biography, all published, I believe, within the last six years, which invariably raise my gorge. One of them is " Margaret Ogilvy " by Dr. J. M. Barrie. . . .

It is an account of the character and sayings of Dr. J. M. Barrie's mother, viewed in the light of Dr. Barrie's own literaryness. I have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be one of the most snobbish books that has issued from the press any time this hundred years. It begins snobbishly, it goes on snobbishly, and it ends snobbishly. . . . In point of fact Dr. Barrie's " little study " is just as much a study of himself as of his

mother. If it shows Margaret Ogilvy in the figure of an excellent mother, it also shows J. M. Barrie in the figure of a preternaturally excellent and dutiful son. If it shows that Margaret Ogilvy was a simple, unsophisticated woman of the people, it shows also that J. M. Barrie had compassion on her intellectual shortcomings and was ever ready to humour the poor body and to twinkle tolerantly on his whimsies, when he might, had he so chosen, have withered her with a word. . . . The sagacious, garrulous mother, the highly diverted, patient son! The picture has pleased the Scotch and English-speaking nations of two hemispheres. Yet is it of the stupidest and the most foolish.

(*The Unspeakable Scot.*)

"MISSY"

so far as the male person is able to judge, the beginning of woman is the little girl. Shopwalkers, I believe, call her "Missy." It is a good name, and we will let it stand. . . . Woman is Missy fed up. At twenty she has all the vices that were hers at ten. At ten you found her faithless, spiteful, greedy, merciless, vindictive, impudent, unreasonable, unruly, and illogical. At twenty she is the same girl, only more cunning and a trifle more commercial. Indeed, Missy persists right through the lives of all women. I have seen the ten-year-old chocolate grabber leap into the eyes of women of fifty when devilled bones were concerned. And if you want loyalty or honour in the way that men understand loyalty and honour, you will never go to a woman for them, no matter how old she may be. It is not in woman's watery blood to be loyal. Neither can she stand up for a losing side. Get beaten

by the next little boy when you are young, and see what Missy will do for you. Get beaten in the bigger fight, and note where the applause comes from. Missy, bless her innocent little heart, was ever for the boy with the most pocket money and the nicest clothes. She is sub-consciously, tacitly, or avowedly, on the side of the plutocrat to her dying day.

(*Lovely Woman.*)

"VOTES FOR WOMEN"

MARK how their shining effigies are set
For ever on the firmament of Time,
Like lovely words caught in a lovely rhyme,
Or silver stars kept in a faery net,
Ivory and marble hold them for us yet,
And all our blossomy memories of them chime
With all the honest graces of the prime—
Helen, and Ruth, Elaine, and Juliet.

And You, in this disconsolate London square
Flaunting an ill-considered purple hat
And mud-stained, rumpled, bargain-counter coat,
You of the broken tooth and buttered hair,
And idiot eye and cheeks that bulge with fat,
Sprawl on the flagstones chalking for a vote!

MR. BERNARD SHAW

(1856–)

Mr. Shaw's attacks on Shakespeare, written in the nineties when he was dramatic critic on "The Saturday Review," were part of his general campaign against Victorianism. They were most valuable in

helping to break up the Victorian effigy of Shakespeare, thus preparing the ground for serious criticism of the poet.

Mr. Shaw's picture of English home life is a brilliant example of invective against social conditions, a branch of invective which has flourished very strongly in the last half-century.

SHAKESPEARE

PRAY understand, therefore, that I do not defend *Cymbeline*. It is for the most part stagey trash of the lowest melodramatic order, in parts abominably written, throughout intellectually vulgar, and judged in point of thought by modern intellectual standards, vulgar, foolish, offensive, indecent, and exasperating beyond all tolerance. There are moments when one asks despairingly why our stage should ever have been cursed with this immortal " pilferer " of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes, his pretentious reduction of the subtlest problems of life to commonplaces against which a Polytechnic debating club would revolt, his incredible unsuggestiveness, his sententious combination of ready reflection with complete intellectual sterility, and his consequent incapacity for getting out of the depth of even the most ignorant audience, except when he solemnly says something so transcendantly platitudinous that his more humble-minded hearers cannot bring themselves to believe that so great a man really meant to talk like their grandmothers. With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott,

whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his. The intensity of my impatience with him occasionally reaches such a pitch, that it would positively be a relief to me to dig him up and throw stones at him, knowing as I do how incapable he and his worshippers are of understanding any less obvious form of indignity. To read *Cymbeline* and to think of Goethe, of Wagner, of Ibsen, is, for me, to imperil the habit of studied moderation of statement which years of public responsibility as a journalist have made almost second nature in me.

(*Dramatic Opinions and Essays*, Vol. II.)

ENGLISH HOME LIFE

THE flat fact is that English home life to-day is neither honourable, virtuous, wholesome, sweet, clean, nor in any creditable way distinctively English. It is in many respects conspicuously the reverse; and the result of withdrawing children from it completely at an early age, and sending them to a public school and then to a university, does, in spite of the fact that these institutions are class warped and in some respects quite abominably corrupt, produce sociable men. . . . Home life as we understand it is no more natural to us than a cage is natural to a cockatoo. Its grave danger to the nation lies in its narrow views, its unnaturally sustained and spitefully jealous concupiscences, its petty tyrannies, its false social pretences, its endless grudges and squabbles, its sacrifice of the boy's future by setting him to earn money to help the family when he should be in training for his adult

life (remember the boy Dickens and the blacking factory), and of the girl's chances by making her a slave to sick or selfish parents, its unnatural packing into little brick boxes of little parcels of humanity of ill-assorted ages, with the old scolding or beating the young for behaving like young people, and the young hating and thwarting the old for behaving like old people, and all the other ills, mentionable and unmentionable, that arise from excessive segregation. It sets these evils up as benefits and blessings representing the highest attainable degree of honor and virtue, whilst any criticism of or revolt against them is savagely persecuted as the extremity of vice. The revolt, driven underground and exacerbated, produces debauchery veiled by hypocrisy, an overwhelming demand for licentious theatrical entertainments which no censorship can stem, and, worst of all, a confusion of virtue with the mere morality that steals its name until the real thing is loathed because the imposture is loathsome. . . . In the extreme instances of reaction against convention, female murderers get sheaves of offers of marriage; and when Nature throws up that rare phenomenon, an unscrupulous libertine, his success among " well brought-up " girls is so easy, and the devotion he inspires so extravagant, that it is impossible not to see that the revolt against conventional respectability has transfigured a commonplace rascal into a sort of Anarchist Saviour. As to the respectable voluptuary, who joins Omar Khayyam clubs and vibrates to Swinburne's invocation of Dolores to " come down and redeem us from virtue," he is to be found in every suburb."

(*Preface to " Getting Married."*)

MR. H. G. WELLS

(1866–)

The intensely personal tone in the following verdicts on Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Shakespeare, suggests that they are based partly on the self-evident premiss that if Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Shakespeare are great men, Mr. Wells isn't, and partly on the more debateable premiss that if Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, and Shakespeare are not great men, Mr. Wells is.

It is perhaps worth pointing out that among Shakespeare's "deliciously observed characters" is drunken Stephano, with his Utopian slogan "Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

(*From "The Outline of History."*)

THE stories of violence and vanity in his closing years cluster thick upon his memory. He listened to tittle-tattle about Philotas, the son of Parmenio, one of his most trusted and faithful generals. Philotas, it was said, had boasted to some woman he was making love to that Alexander was a mere boy; that, but for such men as his father and himself, there would have been no conquest of Persia, and the like. Such assertions had a certain element of truth in them. The woman was brought to Alexander, who listened to her treacheries. Presently Philotas was accused of conspiracy, and, upon very insufficient evidence, tortured and executed. Then Alexander thought of Parmenio, whose other two sons had died for him in battle. He sent swift messengers to assassinate the old man before he could hear of his son's death! Now Parmenio had

been one of the most trusted of Philip's generals; it was Parmenio who had led the Macedonian armies into Asia before the murder of Philip. There can be little doubt of the substantial truth of this story, nor about the execution of Callisthenes, the nephew of Aristotle, who refused Alexander divine honours, and " went about with as much pride as if he had demolished a tyranny, while the young men followed him as the only freeman among thousands."

JULIUS CÆSAR

. . . IN particular the figure of Julius Cæsar is set up as if it were a star of supreme brightness and importance in the history of mankind. . . . At the crest of his power, Cæsar, already a bald, middle-aged man, past the graces and hot impulses of youthful love, spent the better part of a year in Egypt, feasting and entertaining himself in amorous pleasantries with the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra. And afterwards he brought her with him to Rome, where her influence over him was bitterly resented. Such complications with a woman mark the elderly sensualist or sentimentalist—he was fifty-four at the commencement of the *affaire*—rather than the master-ruler of men.

. . . Antony, who had been his second-in-command at Pharsalos, was one of the chief of his flatterers. Plutarch describes a scene at the public games in which Antony tried to force a crown upon Cæsar, which Cæsar, after a little coyness and in face of the manifested displeasure of the crowd, refused. But he had adopted the ivory sceptre and throne, which were the traditional insignia of the ancient kings of Rome. His image was carried amidst that of the gods in the

opening *pompa* of the arena, and his statue was set up in a temple with an inscription, "To the unconquerable God!" Priests even were appointed for his godhead. These things are not the symptoms of great-mindedness, but of a common man's megalomania. Cæsar's record of vulgar scheming for the tawdriest mockeries of personal worship is a silly and shameful record; it is incompatible with the idea that he was a wise and wonderful superman setting the world to rights.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

AND now we come to one of the most illuminating figures in modern history, the figure of an adventurer and a wrecker, whose story seems to display with an extraordinary vividness the universal subtle conflict of egotism, vanity, and personality with the weaker, wider claims of the common good. Against this background of confusion and stress and hope, this strained and heaving France and Europe, appears this dark little archaic personage, hard, compact, capable, unscrupulous, imitative, and neatly vulgar.

. . . The old order of things was dead or dying; strange new forces drove through the world seeking form and direction; the promise of a world republic and an enduring world peace whispered in a multitude of startled minds. France was in his hand, his instrument, to do with as he pleased, willing for peace, but tempered for war like an exquisite sword. There lacked nothing to this great occasion but a noble imagination. And failing that, Napoleon could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dunghill. The

figure he makes in history is one of almost incredible self-conceit, of callous contempt and disregard of all who trusted him, and of a grandiose aping of Cæsar, Alexander, and Charlemagne which would be purely comic if it were not caked over with human blood. Until, as Victor Hugo said in his tremendous way, " God was bored by him," and he was kicked aside into a corner to end his days, explaining and explaining how very clever his worst blunders had been, prowling about his dismal hot island shooting birds and squabbling meanly with an underbred gaoler who failed to show him proper " respect."

SHAKESPEARE

(From a symposium in " The Strand Magazine " on the Six Greatest Men in History.)

SOME of your other contributors are very shocking examples of the Shakespeare cant—for cant it is. Will it never die? It may be worth while to say a word or so about it. Mr. Zangwill writes: " The greatest writer the world has known does not even appear in ' The Outline of History,' whence his very name is banished. . . ." But the name was never banished: it was never there. Why should it be? It might be amusing if one could get Mr. Zangwill explaining why the name of Shakespeare should come into an " Outline of History." What did Shakespeare do, what did he add to the world's totality? Some delightful plays, some exquisite passages, some deliciously observed characters. He was a great playwright, a great humourist, the sweetest laugher in the world. All truly English people must love him dearly, he is so intensely ours, so near our inmost hearts. But none of these things was of main importance to the story

of mankind—or even to the story of England. He had none of the power and patriotic pride of Milton. If he had never lived, things would be very much as they are; there would have been so much less beauty in England, and British literary people, native and immigrant, would have had to have some other name to cant about, but that would have been all. Shakespeare's "thought" amounted to very little. He added no idea, he altered no idea, in the growing understanding of mankind.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC
(1870–)

Mr. Belloc's "Verses to a Lord" unite the two chief emotions of his earlier years, hostility to the capitalistic system, and love of war.

VERSES TO A LORD WHO, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, SAID THAT THOSE WHO OPPOSED THE SOUTH AFRICAN ADVENTURE CONFUSED SOLDIERS WITH MONEY-GRUBBERS

You thought because we held, my lord,
  An ancient cause and strong,
That therefore we maligned the sword:
  My lord, you did us wrong.

We also know the sacred height
  Up on Tugela Side,
Where those three hundred fought with Beit
  And fair young Wernher died.

The daybreak on the failing force,
  The final sabres drawn:
Tall Goltman, silent on his horse,
  Superb against the dawn.

MR. GEOFFREY HOWARD

The little mound where Eckstein stood
And gallant Albu fell,
And Oppenheim, half blind with blood
Went fording through the rising flood—
My Lord, we know them well.

The little empty homes forlorn,
The ruined synagogues that mourn,
In Frankfurt and Berlin:
We knew them when the peace was torn—
We of a nobler lineage born—
And now by all the gods of scorn
We mean to rub them in.

MR. GEOFFREY HOWARD

(1889–)

Mr. Howard's satire on Oxford, written in 1911 *when he was an undergraduate, is still in circulation. It is perhaps the best of all modern examples of the reversion to the eighteenth-century style of invective. Beneath the parody of Johnsonian verse there is a justness and acuteness of criticism which entitle it to be ranked with Gibbon's criticism of Oxford.*

FROM "OXFORD"

A SATIRE

THOUGH on my brows there rose an angry frown
When B—ll—l's Don's sent poor Patroclus down,
Yet envy stirred me as he caught his train,
No more to hear the Oxford bells again,
But far removed from godlessness and Greek,
To earn in town an honest pound a week.

For who that once, these " dreaming spires " among,
Had known the tedium of being young,
Would ever for his days at Oxford sigh,
Or long to leave Sahara for the " High "? . . .

THE OXFORD TRADESMAN

FORTHWITH the tradesmen like some noisome fly,
Buzz round their victim, urging him to buy,
Wave with a smile the proffered coin away,
And blush that such a " gent " should wish to pay.
Thus they in time the careless fool entice
To buy bad rubbish at three times its price. . . .

And now the too obsequious sons of Zion
Discard the lambkin and assume the lion:
His bills, neglected, penetrate to town;
The father pays them, but the son goes down.

THE OXFORD DON

Can pigs grow wings and fly, unwonted birds?
Can the salt sea grow black with grazing herds?
Can the lean thistle blossom into figs?
Or Oxford aught produce save fools and prigs?
Doomed now, deposing reason from its throne,
To spend whole days with boredom and with Bohn,
To read each commentator's endless reams,
And learn for one Greek word two German names,
To hear some greybeard, chattering and perplexed,
Destroy all meaning and corrupt the text,
Or reading out whole volumes on one word,
Hold " nunc " in scorn, and show why " tunc's " preferred.

MR. GEOFFREY HOWARD

FROM THE PERORATION

Yet O my friends, these wretched rags [1] forgive,
Who could write English where few English live?
Dark alien tribes have driven our natives far,
And all the Ganges flows into the Cher.
Such Ethiopian hosts the " High " adorn,
Such crowds of Rajahs jostle in the " Corn,"
That should the timid Briton come in sight
They start, affronted, at a face that's white!
Such are the ills that now in Oxford reign;
Such are the ills I ne'er shall know again.
No more, like wolves, shall bulldogs on me leap
For breaking rules I'm not supposed to keep!
No more shall jockeys, dirty, drunk, and dull,
Smash all my furniture and crack my skull!
No longer to my rooms shall Claudius stroll,
Drink all my whisky, and explain his soul,
Or, sitting hourly in my easy chair,
Twiddle his thumbs and wonder if they're there. . . .

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON

(1874–)

ANTICHRIST, OR THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM: AN ODE

"A Bill which has shocked the conscience of every Christian community in Europe."—Mr. F. E. Smith[2] *on the Welsh Disestablishment Bill.*

ARE they clinging to their crosses,
F. E. Smith,
Where the Briton boat-fleet tosses,
Are they, Smith?

[1] The *Isis* and the *Varsity*: undergraduate journals.
[2] Now Lord Birkenhead.

Do they, fasting, trembling, bleeding,
Wait the news from this our city?
Groaning "That's the Second Reading!"
Hissing "There is still Committee!"
If the voice of Cecil falters,
If McKenna's point has pith,
Do they tremble for their altars?
Do they, Smith?

Russian peasants round their pope,
Huddled, Smith,
Hear about it all, I hope,
Don't they, Smith?
In the mountain hamlets clothing
Peaks beyond Caucasian pales,
Where Establishment means nothing
And they never heard of Wales,
Do they read it all in Hansard
With a crib to read it with—
"Welsh Tithes: Dr. Clifford Answered,"
Really, Smith?

In the lands where Christians were,
F. E. Smith,
In the little lands laid bare,
Smith, O Smith,
Where the Turkish bands are busy,
And the Tory name is blessed
Since they hailed the Cross of Dizzy
On the banners from the West!
Men don't think it half so hard if
Islam burns their kin and kith,
Since a curate lives in Cardiff
Saved by Smith.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

It would greatly, I must own,
Soothe me, Smith!
If you left this theme alone,
Holy Smith!
For your legal cause or civil
You fight well and get your fee;
For your God or dream or devil
You will answer, not to me,
Talk about the pews and steeples
And the Cash that goes therewith!
But the souls of Christian peoples . . .
Chuck it, Smith!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

(1863–)

Mr. Lloyd George's famous Limehouse speech should be compared with Sheridan's speech on the sufferings of the Begum of Oude. The indignation of great orators differs little from age to age in quality, though the themes selected are conditioned by the prevalent sentiment of the times.

THE LIMEHOUSE SPEECH

By the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Delivered at the Edinburgh Castle, Limehouse, July 30, 1909.

. . . IT is rather a shame for a rich country like ours —probably the richest in the world, if not the richest the world has ever seen—that it should allow those who have toiled all their days to end in penury and possibly starvation (Hear, hear). It is rather hard

that an old workman should have to find his way to the gates of the tomb, bleeding and footsore, through the brambles and thorns of poverty. (Cheers.) We cut a new path for him (cheers)—an easier one, a pleasanter one, through fields of waving corn. We are raising money to pay for the new road (cheers)—aye, and to widen it so that 200,000 paupers shall be able to join in the march. (Cheers.) There are many in the country blessed by Providence with great wealth, and if there are amongst them men who grudge out of their riches a fair contribution towards the less fortunate of their fellow-countrymen they are very shabby rich men. (Cheers.) We propose to do more by means of the Budget. We are raising money to provide against the evils and the sufferings that follow from unemployment. (Cheers.) We are raising money for the purpose of assisting our great friendly societies to provide for the sick and the widows and orphans. We are providing money to enable us to develop the resources of our own land. (Cheers.) I do not believe any fair-minded man would challenge the justice and the fairness of the objects which we have in view in raising this money. But there are some of them who say " The taxes themselves are unjust, unfair, unequal, oppressive—notably so the land taxes. (Laughter.) They are engaged, not merely in the House of Commons, but outside the House of Commons, in assailing these taxes with a concentrated and a sustained ferocity which will not allow even a comma to escape with its life. Now, are these taxes really so wicked? . . . I do not want you to consider merely abstract principles. I want to invite your attention to a number of concrete cases.

. . . On the walls of Mr. Balfour's meeting last

Friday were the words, " We protest against fraud and folly." (Laughter.) So do I. (Great cheering.) These things I am going to tell you of have only been possible up to the present through the " fraud " of the few and the " folly " of the many.

. . . Take the very well-known case of the Duke of Northumberland—(hear, hear)—when a county council wanted to buy a small plot of land as a site for a school to train the children who in due course would become the men labouring on his property. The rent was quite an insignificant thing; his contribution to the rates—I forget—I think it was on the basis of 30s. an acre. What did he demand for it for a school? £900 an acre (" Shame! "). All we say is this, Mr. Buxton and I say—if it is worth £900, let him pay taxes on £900.

. . . Landlords even in Wales are not more reasonable. The police committee the other day wanted a site for a police station. Well, you might have imagined that if a landlord sold land cheaply for anything it would have been for a police station. The housing of the working classes—that is a different matter. But a police station means security for property. (Laughter and cheers.) Not at all. . . . They demanded for a piece of land which was contributing 2s. a year to the rates, £2,500 an acre! All we say is, " If their land is as valuable as all that, let it have the same value in the assessment book—(cheers)—as it seems to possess in the auction room." (Cheers.)

. . . They say: " Why should you tax this increment on landlords and not on other classes of the community? " They say: " You are taxing the landlord because the value of his property is going up through the growth of population, through the in-

creased prosperity of the community. Does not the value of a doctor's business go up in the same way? "

Ah, fancy their comparing themselves for a moment! What is the landlord's increment? Who is the landlord? The landlord is a gentleman—I have not a word to say about him in his personal capacity—the landlord is a gentleman who does not earn his wealth. He does not even take the trouble to receive his wealth. (Laughter.) He has a host of people around him to do the actual spending for him. He never sees it until he comes to enjoy it. His sole function, his chief pride is stately consumption of wealth produced by others. (Cheers.) What about the doctor's income? How does the doctor earn his income? The doctor is a man who visits our homes when they are darkened with the shadow of death; who, by his skill, his trained courage, his genius, wrings hope out of the grip of despair, wins life out of the fangs of the Great Destroyer. (Cheers.) All blessings upon him and his divine art of healing that mends bruised bodies and anxious hearts. (Cheers.) To compare the reward which he gets for that labour with the wealth which pours into the pockets of the landlord purely owing to the possession of his monopoly is a piece—if they will forgive me for saying so—of insolence which no intelligent man would tolerate. (Cheers.)

. . . The other day, at the great Tory meeting held at the Cannon-street Hotel, they had blazoned on the walls, " We protest against the Budget in the name of democracy, (loud laughter) liberty and justice." Where does the democracy come in in this landed system? Where is the liberty in our leasehold system? Where is the seat of justice in all these transactions? I claim that the tax we impose on land is fair, is just and

is moderate. (Cheers.) They go on threatening that if we proceed they will cut down their benefactions and discharge labour. What is the labour they are going to choose for dismissal? Are they going to threaten to devastate rural England by feeding and dressing themselves? Are they going to reduce their game-keepers? Ah, that would be sad! (Laughter.) The agricultural labourer and the farmer might then have some part of the game which they fatten with their labour. But what would happen to you in the season? No week-end shooting with the Duke of Norfolk or anyone. (Laughter.) But that is not the kind of labour they are going to cut down. They are going to cut down productive labour—their builders and their gardeners—and they are going to ruin their property so that it shall not be taxed. . . . But I do not believe it. They have threatened and menaced like that before. They have seen it is not to their interest to carry out these futile menaces. They are now protesting against paying their fair share of the taxation of the land, and they are doing so by saying:—"You are burdening industry; you are putting burdens upon the people which they cannot bear." Ah! they are not thinking of themselves. (Laughter.) Noble souls! (Laughter.) It is not the great dukes they are feeling for, it is the market gardener—(laughter)—it is the builder, and it was, until recently, the smallholder. (Hear, hear.) In every debate in the House of Commons they said: "We are not worrying for ourselves. We can afford it with our broad acres; but just think of the little man who has only got a few acres"; and we were so very impressed with this tearful appeal that at last we said: "We will leave him out." (Cheers.) And I almost expected to see Mr. Prety-

man jump over the table when I said it—fall on my neck and embrace me. (Loud laughter.) Instead of that, he stiffened up, his face wreathed with anger, and he said: "The Budget is more unjust than ever." (Laughter and cheers.)

MR. A. G. GARDINER
(1865–)

Mr. Gardiner's letter to Lord Northcliffe was in reply to the attacks of the "Daily Mail," in the first months of the war, on the "horrible commercialism" of Mr. Cadbury's "Daily News." It is quoted from here, not for its references to the war, but as a very full and spirited specimen of contemporary resentment against the modern press in its most important and characteristic expression.

FROM A LETTER TO LORD NORTHCLIFFE ENTITLED "THE DAILY NEWS," "THE DAILY MAIL," AND THE WAR

By A. G. Gardiner (Editor of the "Daily News"), December, 1914. *(Reprinted from "The Star.")*

. . . IF one could find in you some ultimate purpose, even some wholesome and honest hate, you would present a less pitiful spectacle to the world. You would at least be a reality. But you are nothing. In all this great and moving drama of humanity you represent no idea, no passion, no policy, no disinterested enthusiasm. . . . When you preached war against the Boers it was not that you hated the Boers or loved England: it was only that you understood how to sell

your papers. When you preached war against France, told her that we would roll her in " mud and blood " and give her colonies to Germany, it was not that you had any rooted antagonism to France, but that you knew how to exploit the momentary passions of the British mob. When you called for reprisals against Russia over the North Sea incident it was not that you did not know that there had been a mistake, but that you knew that a cry for war was a good newspaper thrill. When last spring you set all your papers from *The Times* downwards prophesying " civil war " and went to Ulster to organise your brigade of war correspondents and triumphantly announced that hostilities were about to begin, it was not that you cared for Unionism or hated Home Rule. You care for neither and have coquetted with both. It was only that you thought that Parliament was going to be beaten and that you could be the prophet of red ruin and the breaking up of laws. . . .

You say that we prophesied peace. Yes, we not only prophesied peace, but we worked for peace, just as you prophesied war and worked for war. We lost and you won. And you rejoice in the victory that has made Europe a shambles. Is it really a matter for rejoicing? . . . Were we wrong in working to strengthen human wisdom or were you wrong in working to destroy it? You yourself had moments of penitence. Only last year you published in the *Evening News* a eulogium of the Kaiser far more extravagant than anything that ever appeared in these columns—a eulogium in which you spoke of that " gallant gentleman's " efforts for the peaceful development of his country, of his just ambitions, of his word " which was better than many another's bond," and of the

respect in which this country held him. If you believed that war was inevitable what was the motive for that extravagant praise?

. . . What is the case of this country before the world? Is it not this, that we have had no designs against Germany, that we desired to live at peace with her, that we strove to live at peace with her, that we were driven to war regretfully and by compulsion? If that is our case, then to have worked for peace is to have worked for the good name of this country, for its honour and for its freedom from complicity in this vast crime. But you deny this case. You proclaim to all the world that the most powerful Press in this country worked steadily not for peace but for war. And to that extent you have made us partners with the guilty. That is your claim. That is your boast. And you think to shame us because we do not share your guilt.

You are mistaken. We are without shame and without regret. When this nightmare passes away we shall still work to bring the nations together and you will still work to keep them asunder. You will discover some new foe with whom to play upon the fears of the public and through whom to stimulate your sales. But you will work in vain. In this war you have reached your zenith. The world that will emerge from this catastrophe will be a world that will belong to democracy. And the democracy knows you as the poisoner of the streams of human intercourse, the fermenter of war, the preacher of hate, the unscrupulous enemy of human society. It will make an end of many things, and among them it will make an end of the most sinister influence that has ever corrupted the soul of English journalism.

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